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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
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USELESS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY HARRIS BYRNE.

In the dim woods the distant veery sings,
Nearer the wheat lies ripening in the sun,
Rose-flushed, a lily's heart its fragrance flings,
And plums are slowly purpling one by one.

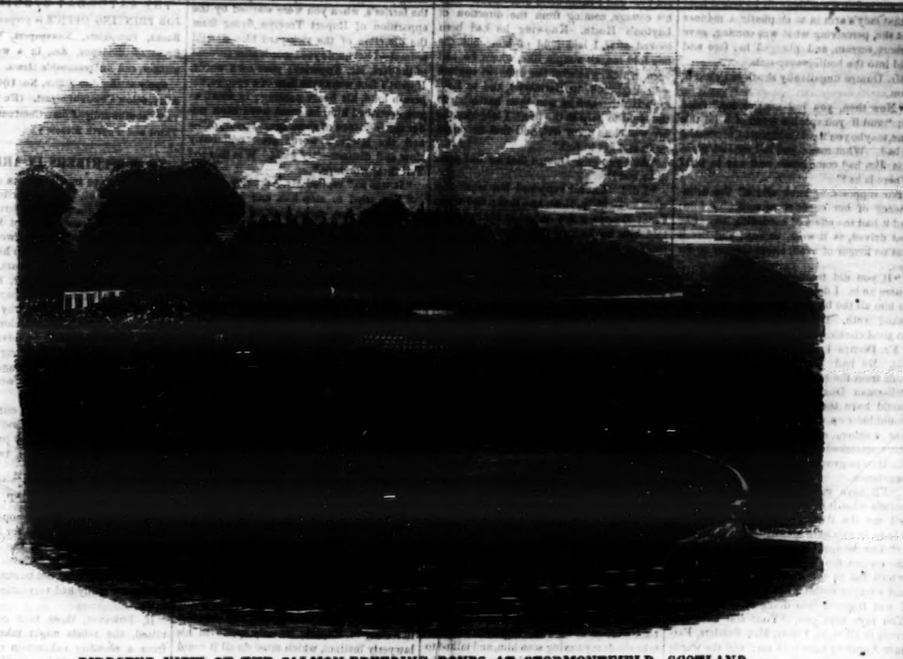
The clouds that lead'ring half the western sky
Will soon in rains descend, or noiseless dews,
Hear'nward return in some sweet by and by;
And all mute things fulfill their appointed use.

But what are we? and wherefore do we live
Who cannot unto any good attain?
Thankless receiving joys our Lord doth give,
Fiercely rebelling if our lot be pain.

The highest gifts we have we but abuse,
Yet meet our punishment with bitter strife.
If after all our toil for loss—we lose,
Our hearts are broken hearts; and this is life.

Oh! Thou who gavest breath to meaner things,
We know Thou has not made us all in vain,
And that Thy angels with their unseen wings,
Are sent our nerveless purpose to sustain.

Bear with us yet a little—we are blind,
And feebly grope for that we cannot see,
Hoping at last in death the path to find
That leadeth upward, unto rest—and Thee.



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF THE SALMON-BREEDING PONDS AT STORMONTFIELD, SCOTLAND.

[See Article on Fourth Page.]

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

By the Author of "Verner's Pride," "East Lynne," "The Channings," etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XLIV.

ANOTHER VISITOR FOR MRS. SANDERS.

The noise and bustle at the fire had been great, but it was scarcely greater than that which prevailed the following day at Barmester. Excitement had not often obtained so exclusive a place, and men and women of all grades and classes thronged the streets, eagerly asking for fresh details of the previous night's great event.

As a matter of course, various and most contradictory versions were afloat; it is invariably the case. All that was certainly known were the bare facts: that Mr. Chattaway had horsewhipped Rupert Trevlyn; that a fire had almost immediately burst out in the rick-yard; and that Rupert was in custody on the charge of willfully causing it.

Belief in Rupert's guilt was accorded in a very limited degree. People could not forget the ill feeling supposed to exist towards him in the breast of Mr. Chattaway; and the flying reports that it was Jim Sanders who had been the culprit, accidentally, if not willfully, obtained far more credence than the other. The curious populace would have subscribed a good round sum to be allowed to question Jim to their heart's content.

But a gathering rumor, freezing the very marrow out of the bones of their curiosity, had come abroad—that Jim had disappeared; was not to be found under the local skies; and this it was which caused the chief portion of the public excitement.

It appeared that a few minutes subsequent to his encounter with Jim Sanders on the previous night, to which interview Mrs. Chattaway and Nora had been unseen witnesses, Farmer Apperley had met the policeman Dumps, to whom, if you remember, the superintendent had referred as having been dispatched in search of Jim. He came up wiping his brow, from the direction of Barbrook.

"I can't find him nowhere," was his salutation to Mr. Apperley. "I have been a'most all over the lands of Mr. Ryle, and in every hole and corner of Barbrook, and he ain't nowhere. I'm a-going on now to his own home, just for form's sake; but that's about the last place he'd hide in."

"Are you speaking of Rupert Trevlyn?" asked Mr. Apperley, who knew nothing of the man's having been sent in search of the other.

"No, sir, not him. That Jim Sanders."

"Oh, you need not look after him," replied the farmer. "I have just met him. Jim's all right; it was not he that did the mischief. He has been after all the fire-engines on foot, and is just come back, dead beat; he was going on to the Hold, but I told him to go in home. There's not the least necessity to look after Jim."

Mr. Dumps—whose clear-sightedness was certainly not extensive enough to set the Thames on fire, policeman that he was—received the news without any qualm of doubt.

"I thought it a odd thing for Jim Sanders to do. He haven't got daring enough," he remarked. "That there kitchen-maid was right, I'll be bound, as to it's being Mr. Rupert in his passion. Gone in home, did you say, sir?"

"In his bed by this time, I should say," replied the farmer. "They have got Mr. Rupert, Dumps."

"Have they?" returned Dumps, in a sort of admiration given to the success of his brother officers. "But it's a nasty charge," he concluded, after a pause. "I'd not be sorry that he got off it."

The farmer continued his road towards Barbrook; the policeman went the other way. As he came to the cottage inhabited by the Sanders family, it occurred to him that he might as well ascertain the fact of Jim's safety, and he went to the door and gave a knock on its panels; a moderate kind of knock, neither loud nor gentle. Mrs. Sanders opened in instantly; she had come to the conclusion that it was the wanderer. When she saw Policeman Dumps standing there, she thought she should have died with the moment's fright.

"Your son have just come in all right, I hear, Mog Sanders. Farmer Apperley have told me."

"Yes, sir," replied she, dropping a curtsey. The untruthful reply came from her in her terror, almost, it may be said, unconsciously; but there may have been some latent thought in her heart to *mislead* the policeman.

"Is he gone to bed? I don't want to disturb him if he is."

"Yes, sir," again replied she, trembling enough to give Mr. Dumps his suspicions, had he been naturally of a suspicious nature, and the doorway not quite so dark.

"Well, they have got Rupert Trevlyn, so the examination will take place to-morrow morning. Your son had better go right over to Barmester the first thing after breakfast; tell him to make for the police station, and stop there till he sees me. He'll have to give evidence, you know."

"Very well, sir," repeated the woman, in an agony of fear lest Jim should make his unfortunate appearance. "Jim ain't guilty, sir; he'd not harm a fly."

"No, he ain't guilty; but somebody else I suppose is; and Jim must tell what he knows. You mind he sets off in time. Or—stop. Perhaps he had better come to the little station at Barbrook, and go over with us. Yes; that'll be best."

"To-night, sir?" asked she, timidly, not knowing what else to say.

"To-night?—no. What should we do with him to-night? He must be there at eight o'clock in the morning; or a little afore it. Good-night."

"Good-night, sir."

She watched him off, quite unable to understand the scene, for she had seen nothing of him, and Nora Dickson had but just gone. Mr. Dumps made his way to the head-quarters at Barbrook. They consisted of a moderate-sized house, to get into which you had to dive down three steps; and when later, Bowen came in with his prisoner Rupert Trevlyn, Dumps informed him that Jim Sanders was all right, and would be there by eight o'clock.

"Have you got him?—all safe?"

"I haven't got him," replied Dumps. "There warn't no need for that. And he was shed and asleep," he added, improving upon his information. "It was him that went for all the injines, and he was dead tired."

"Your orders were to take him," curtly returned Bowen. He believed in the innocence of Jim as much as Dumps did, but he was not tolerant to the disobedience of orders. "He was seen with a lighted torch in the rick-yard, and that's enough."

Rupert Trevlyn looked round quickly. This conversation had occurred as Bowen was going through the room with his prisoner to consign the latter to a more secure one.

"Jim Sanders did no harm with the torch, Bowen. He lighted it to show me a little puppy of his; for nothing more. There is no cause to accuse Jim. He—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Trevlyn, but I'd rather not hear anything from you one way or the other," interrupted Bowen. "Don't you as much as open your mouth about it, sir, unless you're obliged; and I speak in your interest when I give you this advice. Many a prisoner has brought home the guilt to himself through his own tongue, and which else never might have been brought home to him."

Rupert took the hint, and subsided into silence. He was consigned to his quarters for the night, and no doubt passed it as agreeably as was consistent with the circumstances.

At eight o'clock the following morning a fly was at the door to convey him to Barmester. Mr. Bowen, a cautious man, deemed it well that the chief witness—it may be said, the only witness to any purpose—should be transported thither by the same conveyance. But that witness, Mr. Jim Sanders, delayed his appearance unwarrantably, and Dumps, in much wrath, started after him on the run. Back he came, panting—it was not above a quarter of a mile to the mother's cottage.

"He is gone on, the stupid blunderer," cried he to Bowen; "Mrs. Sanders says he's at Barmester by this. He'll be at the station there, no doubt."

So the party started in state; Mr. Bowen, and Dumps, and Rupert Trevlyn inside; and he who had been sent to capture him, Mr. Calgwell, on the box. There was just as much necessity for the two men to go as there was for you or for me; but they would not have missed the day's excitement for the world, and Bowen did not interpose his veto.

The hearing was fixed for ten o'clock; and before that hour struck, the magistrates—a full bench of them—had taken their places. Many familiar faces were to be seen in the crowded court—I mean familiar to you, my readers; for the local world was alive with interest and curiosity. Rich and poor, friends and foes, all had pressed in as long as there was a place unoccupied. In one part of the crowd might be seen the face of George Ryle, grave and subdued; in another, the flashing, dark eyes of Nora Dickson; yonder were the red cheeks of Mr. Apperley; nearer, the pale and concerned countenance of the Rev. Mr. Freeman. Just before the commencement of the proceedings, a carriage from Trevlyn Hold drove up, and there descended from it Mr. and Mrs. Chattaway, and Miss Diana Trevlyn. A strange fashion, you will say, that they (the ladies) should come; but it was not deemed strange in the locality. Miss Diana had asserted her determination to be present in a positive tone, quite beyond the power of Mr. Chattaway to prevent, even had he wished it; and thus he had no plea for refusing his wife. How ill she looked! scarcely a heart but ached for her. The two ladies sat in a retired spot, and Mr. Chattaway—who was in the commission of the peace, but did not exercise the privilege, once in a year—took his place on the bench.

Then the prisoner was brought in, civilly conducted by Superintendent Bowen. He had the handsome Trevlyn features, but tempered with the same delicacy which had characterized his father's—a delicacy he, Joe, had inherited from his mother, the squire's lost wife; he, Rupert, had the bright, blue eyes and the silky curls which distinguished Mrs. Chattaway. He looked pale, subdued, meek, gentlemanly—not in the least like one who would set fire to a hay-rick.

"Have you got your witnesses, Bowen?" inquired the presiding magistrate.

"All but one, sir, and I expect him here directly; I have sent to see after him," was the reply of Bowen. "In fact, I'm not sure but he is here," added the man, standing on tiptoe, and stretching his neck upwards; "the crowd's so great one can't see who's here and who isn't. If he can be heard first, his evidence may be conclusive, and save the trouble of examining the others.

"You can call him," observed the magistrate. "If he is here, he will answer. What's the name?"

"James Sanders, your worship."

"Call James Sanders," returned his worship, exalting his voice.

The call was made in obedience, and "James Sanders! James Sanders!" went ringing through the court, and the walls and roof echoed the cry.

But there was no other answer.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE COURT OF BARMESTER.

The morning sun—for the day was a bright one—shone upon the crowded court. The windows, large and high, and guiltless of blinds, unless the accumulated dust on them could be called such, faced the south-east, and the warm autumn rays poured in, to the discomfort of any eyes on which they directly fell. They fell especially on the prisoner, on his fair hair, his winning countenance, his face of delicate health. They fell on the haughty features of Miss Diana Trevlyn: she was leaning forward to speak to Mr. Peterby, who had been summoned in haste to the court by herself, that he might watch the interests of Rupert. They fell on the face of Mrs. Chattaway, who was leaning back in her seat, her hands meeting in a tight clasp before her, and they fell on the anxious face of Farmer Apperley, who was sitting next to Squire Trevlyn, on the grassy behind his top boot coat. His sitting close as conveniently as the throng permitted him. Close to the farmer stood the farmer's absolute domestic tyrant, and he turned round to see Nora Dickson.

"I say, Mr. Apperley, did your ears ever notice those inquiries for the under chief-woman at the upholsterer's, whether she goes out by the day, or not?" asked Nora, in a raised voice, as if speaking for the benefit of the court in general.

Mr. Apperley paused before he replied: he was collecting his thoughts upon the subject. "I *did* hear the missis say something about that upholstering woman," said he at length. "I can't call to mind what, though. Brown, isn't her name."

"We must have her, or somebody else," continued Nora, in the same public tone. "Our drawing-room window curtains must be turned top for bottom, and as to the morocco bed furniture—"

"Silence there!" interrupted an authoritative voice. And then there came again the same call which had already been echoed through the court twice before.

"James Sanders! James Sanders!"

"Just step here to the back, and I'll give your wife a message for the woman, if she'll be so good as to deliver it," resumed Nora, who persisted in her high key, in defiance of the mandate just issued.

The farmer did not see why he need push his way through the throng to the back, or why the message could not have been given to him where he was; but we are all apt to yield to a ruling power, and he pushed his way after Nora.

She twisted herself, eel-fashion, through the filled-up door of the court into a stone hall, which was comparatively empty. The farmer contrived to twist after her; but he was short and stout, and he emerged purple with the exertion. Nora cast her cautious eyes around, and then bent towards him with the softest whisper.

"Look here, Mr. Apperley. If they examine *you*, you have no cause to tell *everything* you know."

Mr. Apperley, none of the keenest at taking a hint, stared at Nora. He could not understand. "What—are you talking about the upholstering woman?" asked he in his perplexity.

"Rubbish to the upholstering woman!" retorted Nora. "Do you suppose I brought you here to talk about her? You have not a bit of gumption—as everybody knows. Jim Sanders is not to be found; at least, it seems so," continued Nora, with a short cough; "for that's the third time they have called for him. Now, if they examine you—as I suppose they will, by Bowen saying you might be wanted—there's no need, you know, for you to go and repeat what Jim said when you met him last night down by his cottage, about Rupert Trevlyn's being guilty."

"Why! how did you know I met Jim there last night?" cried the farmer, staring at Nora.

"There's no time to explain now; I didn't dream it. You liked Joe Trevlyn: I have heard you say it."

"Ay, I did," replied the farmer, casting his thoughts back.

"Well, then, just bring to your mind how that poor lad, his son, has been wronged and put upon through life; think of the critical position he stands in now; there, right before a hundred eyes—brought to it through that usurper, Chattaway. Don't you help on the hue and cry against him, I say. You didn't *see* him fire the rick, you only heard Jim Sanders say that he fired it, and you are not called upon in any sort of justice to repeat that hearsay evidence. *Don't do it*, Mr. Apperley."

"I suppose I am not," assented he, doubtingly, after digesting the words.

"Indeed you are not. If Jim can't be found, and you don't speak, I think it's not much of a case they'll make out against him. After all, Jim *may* have done it himself, you know."

She turned away, leaving the farmer to follow her. "And if the woman can come, next week will do better for us than any other, please let Mrs. Apperley say," called out she aloud, for the public benefit as before, as she began to push her way back again into court.

The farmer, slow at coming to conclusions, stopped where he was, pondering over all sides of the question in his mind.

Meanwhile, nothing could exceed the consternation of Policeman Dumps at the non-appearance of Jim Sanders. He would not believe that he had been purposely de-

called, although the dusk upon it did especially, there, were busy on him with a very significant look. "Get the fastest steamers you can, and be off to Barbrook and see about it," were the whispered commands to him of the latter. "A pretty go, this is! I shall have the bench blowing of me up in public!"

The bench, vexed at the fruitless calls for Jim Sanders, looked much inclined to blow somebody up. They were better off in regard to the dazzling sun than their audience, since their had their backs to it. The chairman, who sat in the middle, was a Mr. Pollard, a kind, but hasty and opinionated man. He ordered the case to proceed, while the principal witness, Jim Sanders, was being looked for.

Mr. Flood, the lawyer of Barmester, acting for Mr. Chattaway, stated the case shortly and concisely. And the first witness called upon was Mr. Chattaway, who descended from the bench to give his evidence.

He was obliged to confess to his shame. He stood there before the many condemning faces around, and acknowledged that the chastisement spoken to was a fact—that he *had* laid his horsewhip on the shoulders of Rupert Treviyn. He was pressed for the why and the wherefore—Chattaway was no favorite with his brother magistrates, and they did not show him any remarkable favor—and he had further to confess that the provocation was totally inadequate to the punishment.

"State your grounds for charging your nephew Rupert Treviyn with the crime," said the bench.

"There is not the slightest doubt that he did it in a fit of passion," said Mr. Chattaway. "There was no one but him in the rick-yard, so far as I saw, and he had a lighted torch in his hand. This torch he dropped for a moment, but I suppose he picked it up again."

"It is said that James Sanders was also in the rick-yard; that the torch was his."

"I cannot say. I did not see James Sanders. I saw only Rupert Treviyn, and he had the torch in his hand when I went up. It was not many minutes after I quitted the rick-yard, leaving him in it, that I saw the flames break out."

Apparently this was all Mr. Chattaway knew of the actual facts. The man Hatch was called, and testified to the fact that Jim Sanders was in the rick-yard. Bridget, the kitchen-maid, in a state of much tremor, confirmed this, and confessed that she was there subsequently with Jim, that he had a torch, and that they saw the flames break out. She related her story pretty circumstantially, winding it up with the statement that Jim had told her it was Mr. Rupert who set it on fire.

"Stop a while, lass," interrupted Mr. Peterby. "You have just stated to their worships that Jim Sanders flew off like one dazed with fright, the moment he saw the flames burst forth, never stopping to speak a word. *Now* you say he told you it was Mr. Rupert who fired it. How do you reconcile the contradiction?"

"He had told me first, sir," answered the girl. "He said he saw the master horsewhip Mr. Rupert, and Mr. Rupert in his passion caught up the torch which had fell, and thrust it into the rick, and then leaped over the palings and got away. Jim, he pulled the torch out of the rick, and all the hay that had caught, as he thought; he told me all this when he was showing me the puppy. I suppose a spark must have stopped in to smoulder there, unknown to him."

"Now don't you think that you and he, and the torch and the puppy between you, managed to get the spark there, instead of its having 'smouldered,' eh, girl?" sarcastically asked Mr. Peterby.

Bridget burst into tears.

"No, I am sure we did not," she answered.

"Don't you likewise think that this pretty little bit of news regarding Mr. Rupert, may have been a fable of Mr. Jim's invention, to excuse his own carelessness, or his crime?" went on the lawyer.

"I am certain it was not, sir," she sobbed. "When Jim told me about Mr. Rupert, he never thought the rick was a-fire."

They could not get on at all without Jim Sanders. Mr. Peterby's insinuations regarding Jim were pointed; nay, more than his insinuations, for he boldly asserted that the rick was far more likely to have been fired by Jim than Rupert—that is, by an accidental spark from that careless gentleman's torch, while engaged with two objects so exacting as a puppy and Bridget. It appeared that Jim himself could alone clear up the knotty question, and the Court gave vent to its impatience, and wished they were at the heels of Policeman Dumps who had gone after him.

But the heels of Policeman Dumps could not by any manner of means have been flying more quickly over the ground, had the whole court been after him in full cry. In point of fact, they were not his own heels that were at work, but those of a fleet little horse, which was drawing the light gig in which the policeman sat. So effectually did he whip up his horse, that in considerably less time than half an hour, Mr. Dumps was reaching the dwelling of Jim. As he passed the police-station at Barbrook, the only solitary policeman left to take care that day of the honour of the district, was fulfilling his duty by taking a lounge against the door-post.

"Have you seen anything of that there Jim Sanders?" called out Mr. Dumps, peradventure chiefly to his horse. "He has never made his appearance yonder, and I'm come after him."

"I hear he's off," answered the man.

"Off! Off where?"

"Cut away," was the explanatory reply. "He haven't been seen since last night."

Allowing himself a whole minute to take in the news, Mr. Dumps whipped on his horse, and gave utterance to a very unparliamentary word. When he burst into Mrs. Sanders's cottage, which was full of steam, and she before a washing-tub, he seized hold of that lady's arm in so emphatic a manner that she, perceiving what was coming, gave a short scream, and plunged her face and head into the boiling soap-suds.

Mr. Dumps ungallantly shook her clear of them.

"Now then, you just answer me," cried he; "and if you speak a word of a lie this time, maybe you'll get transported, or some'at as bad. What made you tell me last night that Jim had come home and was in bed? Where is he?"

She supposed he knew all; all the delinquency of her conduct in screening him; and it had the effect of hardening her. She was driven, as it were, to bay; and deceit was no longer of avail, either for her or for Jim.

"If you did transport me I couldn't tell where he is. I don't know. I never set eyes on him all the blessed night, and that's the naked truth. Let me go, Mr. Dumps: it's no good choking of me."

Mr. Dumps looked ready to choke, himself. He had been deceived and turned aside from the execution of his duty—him, Policeman Dumps; and the other police would have the laugh at him, and Bowen would blow up, and the Bench at Barmester was waiting, and Jim was off—and that there wretched woman had done it all! Mr. Dumps ground his teeth in his rage and impotence.

"I'll have you punished as sure as my name's what it is, Meg Sanders, if you don't tell me the truth about Jim," he foamed. "Is he in this here house?"

"You be welcome to search the house," she replied, flinging open the staircase door, which led to the one upper room. "I'm not a telling nothing but truth now, though I was frighted into doing of it last night. You says says you, 'Your son have just come in all right, I hear, Mrs. Sanders, Farmer Apperley have told me;' and the words put me up to say as he *had* come in. I was frighted to death a'most, sir, and it was your words put it into my head."

Mr. Dumps felt inclined to shake her: we are sure to be more angry with others when we have ourselves to blame; how could he have been fool enough to place such blind confidence in Farmer Apperley? One thing fproed itself on his conviction; that the woman was speaking nothing but truth now.

"You persist in it to my face that you don't know where Jim is?" he cried.

"I swear I don't. There! I swear I have never set eyes on him since last night when he came home after work, and went out to take his black puppy up to Treviyn Hold. He never come in after that."

"You just dry that sop-suddy head of yourn, and put your bonnet on it, and come straight off, and tell that to the magistrates," commanded Mr. Dumps in a sullen tone.

She did not dare to resist. She put on the bonnet, and flung her old shawl across her shoulders, and was marshalled by Mr. Dumps to the gig. To look after Jim was a secondary consideration. The making his own excuse good was the first; and if Jim had had a matter of twelve hours' start, he might be at twelve hours' distance.

Not to be found! Jim Sanders had made his escape, and was not to be found! reiterated the indignant Bench, when Mrs. Sanders and her escort appeared. What did Bowen mean, they asked him, by asserting to them that Jim was ready to be called upon?

Bowen shifted the blame from his own shoulders on to those of Dumps; and Dumps, with a red face, shifted it on Mrs. Sanders. She was sternly questioned, and made the same excuse that she had made to Dumps—that it was through his saying to her, evidently assuming it, that Jim had returned and was in bed, which caused her in her fright to agree with it and reply that he was. She was frighted a'most out of her proper senses, she added; but she'd take her oath to the truth now—that she had not seen Jim, and that he had never been a-nigh home since he went out of it with the puppy in the earlier part of the evening, and that she knew no more where Jim was than Mr. Dumps himself did.

That, she told the truth appeared to be pretty clear to the magistrates, and to punish her for having so far used deceit to screen her son, might have been neither just nor legal. They turned back on Dumps.

"What induced you to put such a leading question to the woman, assuming that the boy was at home and in bed?" they asked severely.

Dumps turned his hat round in his hand in a very sheepfaced manner, and began rather to excuse himself than to explain. Such a thing hadn't never happened to him afore as to be blinded; and it were Mr. Apperley's fault, for he met that gentleman close again Meg Sanders's door, and he told him he had just met Jim, who was all right and was gone in home to bed.

This was the first time Mr. Apperley's name had been mentioned in connection with the affair, and the magistrates pricked him before them. More fastidious they rose to the front, and stood looking at him as he gave his evidence; and Mrs. Chattaway's head was bent lower, to conceal the anxious expression of her face, the wild movement of her beating heart.

"Did you meet James Sanders last night, Mr. Apperley?" inquired the chairman. "As the policeman Dumps asserts?"

"Yes; I did, sir. I was going home, when the danger was over, and the fire had got low, and I came upon Jim Sanders near his cottage, coming from the direction of Layton's Heath. Knowing he had been looked after, I laid hold of him; but the boy told me, all simple like, where he had been, which was after the different engines—to Barbrook, to Barmester, and to Layton's Heath—and he was then hastening to the Hold to help at the fire. I told him the fire was close upon out, and that he might go in and get to bed."

"And you told Dumps that he had gone in to bed?"

"I did. I never supposed but what Jim went straight in, there and then; and when I met Dumps a few minutes afterwards, I told him he had. I can't make it out—I can't understand it at all: the boy seemed almost too tired to move, and no wonder—and why he did not go in, or where he could have gone instead, is mighty odd to me. It's to know whether his mother speaks truth in saying he did not go in," added the farmer, imparting a little of his mind to the Bench gratuitously.

"What did he say to you?"

"He said where he had been, and he said he was going up to the Hold," replied the witness, in a tone of palpable hesitation, as if he were weighing his words before speaking them.

"You are sure it was Jim Sanders?" asked a very silent magistrate, who sat at the end of the bench.

Mr. Apperley opened his eyes at this. "Sure it was Jim Sanders? Yes; I'm sure of that, sir: I know him well enough."

"Well, it appears that only you, so far as can be learnt, saw Jim Sanders at all near the spot after the alarm went out."

"Like enough," answered the farmer. "If the boy went to all those places, one after the other, he couldn't be nigh the Hold. He must have come on at a fine speed, to be back as soon as he was. But there's no mistake about my having seen him, and talked to him, too; and I am sure I as much thought he went right into his home as I think I am standing here this minute, else I never should have asserted it to Dumps."

The danger appeared to be over. The Bench seemed to have no intention of asking further question of Mr. Apperley, and Nora breathed freely again. But it often happens that when we deem ourselves the most secure, the hidden danger is all the nearer. As the witness was turning round to retire, Flood, the lawyer, stepped forward.

"A moment yet, if you please, Mr. Apperley; I must ask you a question or two, with the permission of the Bench. I believe you had met Jim Sanders before that last night—soon after the breaking out of the fire?"

"Yes," replied the farmer; "it was at the bend of the road between the Hold and Barbrook. I had that minute caught sight of the flame, not knowing rightly where it was or what it was, and Jim came running up and said, as well as he could speak for his hurry and agitation, that it was in Mr. Chattaway's rick-yard."

"Agitated, was he?" asked the bench; and a keen observer might have noticed Mr. Flood's brow contract with a momentary annoyance.

"He was so agitated as to be almost unaware, as it appeared to me, of what he was saying," returned the witness. "He went away at great speed in the direction of Barbrook; he was on his way (as I learnt afterwards) to get the fire-engines."

"And very laudable of him to do so," spoke up the lawyer. "But I have a serious question to put to you now, Mr. Apperley; be so good as to attend to me, and speak up. Did not Jim Sanders distinctly tell you that it was Rupert Treviyn who had fired the rick?"

Mr. Apperley paused in indecision. On the one hand, he was a 'plain, straightforward, honest man, possessing little tact—no cunning of tongue; on the other, he shrank from doing harm to Rupert. Nora's words had left a strong impression, and the mysterious absence of Jim Sanders was producing its effect on Mr. Apperley's mind, as it was on three parts of the people in court. He and they were beginning to ask why Jim should run away unless he had been the guilty one.

"Have you lost your tongue, Mr. Apperley?" resumed the lawyer. "Did or did not Jim Sanders say to you that it was Rupert Treviyn who fired the rick?"

"I cannot say but what he did," replied Mr. Apperley, as an unpleasant remembrance came across him of having proclaimed this fact himself the previous night at Treviyn Hold to as many as chose to listen, to which incantion (as he began to think it now) Mr. Flood no doubt owed his knowledge. "But Jim appeared so flustered and wild," he continued, "that my belief is—and I have said this before—that he didn't know rightly what he was saying."

"Unless I am misinformed, you had just before met Rupert Treviyn," continued Mr. Flood. "He was wild and flustered, was he not?"

"He was. Worse than Jim, of the two."

"Were both coming from the same direction?"

"Yes. As if they had run straight from the Hold."

"From the rick-yard, eh?"

"It might be that they had; 'twas pretty straight from there, if they'd leaped a hedge or two."

"Just so. You were walking soberly along the high road, on your way to Black, the farrier's, when you were startled by the apparition of Rupert Treviyn, flying from the direction of the rick-yard like a wild animal—I but quote your words after account of the fact, Mr. Apperley; your own words. Rupert's face was as the face of a spectre, his breath loud, his heart panting; in short, as you described him, he must have been under the influence of some great terror, or"—and the lawyer's words grew ominously slow and distinct—"*of guilt.* Was this so? Tell their worships."

"It was so," replied Mr. Apperley.

"You tried to stop him, and you could not; and as you stood looking after him, wondering whether he was mad, and, if not mad, what could have put him into such a state, Jim Sanders came up and told you a piece of news that was sufficient to account for any amount of agitation—namely, that Rupert Treviyn had just set fire to one of the ricks in the yard at the Hold."

It was utterly impossible that Mr. Apperley in his truth could deny this, and a faint cry of pain broke from the lips of Mrs. Chattaway. But when Mr. Flood had done with the farmer, it was Mr. Peterby's turn to question him. He had not much to ask him, but he elicited from him the positive avowal—and the farmer seemed to be willing to make as much of it as did Mr. Peterby—that Jim Sanders was in as great a state of agitation as Rupert Treviyn, or nearly as great. He (Mr. Apperley) summed up the fact by certain effective words.

"Yes, they were both agitated—both wild; and if those signs were any proof of the crime, the one looked as likely to have committed it as the other."

They told with the Bench. Mr. Flood exerted his eloquence to prove that Rupert Treviyn, and he alone, must have been the guilty party. Not that he had any personal ill-feeling to Rupert; he only spoke in his lawyerly instinct, which must do all it could for his client's side of the cause. Mr. Peterby, on the other hand, argued that the detailed circumstances were more conclusive of the guilt of James Sanders. Mr. Apperley had testified that both were nearly equally agitated; and if Rupert was the most so, it was but natural, for a gentleman's feelings were more easily stirred than an ignorant day-laborer's. In point of fact, this betrayed agitation might have proceeded from terror alone in each of them. Looking at the case dispassionately, what real point was there against Rupert Treviyn? None. Who dared to assert that he was guilty? Nobody but the runaway, James Sanders, who most probably brought the charge to screen himself. Where was James Sanders? (Mr. Peterby continued, looking round the court). Nowhere; he had decamped; and this, of itself, ought to be taken by all sensible people as the most conclusive proof of guilt. He asked the Bench, in their justice, not to remand Rupert Treviyn, as was urged by Mr. Flood, but to discharge him forthwith, and issue a warrant for the apprehension of the other, James Sanders.

Ah, what anxious hearts were some of those in court as the magistrates consulted amidst themselves. Mr. Chattaway, had had the grace not to return to his seat, and he waited, as did the rest of the audience. Presently the chairman spoke—and it is very possible that the general disfavor in which Mr. Chattaway was held had insensibly influenced their decision.

It appeared to the Bench (he said) that there were not sufficient facts proved against Rupert Treviyn to justify them in keeping him in custody, or in remanding the case. That he may have smarted in passion under the personal chastisement inflicted by Mr. Chattaway was not unlikely, and that gentleman had proved that, when he left the rick yard, the lighted torch was, so to say, in the possession of the prisoner. Mr. Apperley had likewise testified to meeting Rupert Treviyn soon afterwards in a state of wild agitation. In the opinion of the Bench, these facts were not worth much; the lighted torch, as was proved, was in the possession of James Sanders in the rick-yard subsequent to this, as it had been before it; and the agitation of the prisoner might have been the effect solely of the beating by Mr. Chattaway. Except the assertion of the boy, James Sanders, as spoken to by Mr. Apperley and the servant maid, Bridget Sanders, there was nothing to connect the prisoner with the actual crime. It had been argued by Mr. Peterby that James Sanders himself had probably committed it, wilfully or accidentally, and that his unaccounted-for absence might be regarded as a pretty conclusive proof. Be that as it might, the Bench had come to the decision that there were no good grounds for detaining the prisoner, and therefore he was discharged.

He was discharged! And the shout of approbation that arose in court, made the very walls ring. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We can not undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Broks of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

While we are in the custom of stopping the papers of all Club subscribers to THE POST at the expiration of the term for which they have paid, we have not been in the habit of doing so with all our two-dollar subscribers, especially those who have been on our books for a number of years.

We would beg these latter, however, to remember that the price of paper being so high, is an additional reason why they should forward their yearly subscriptions promptly. As yet we have made no advance in the price to single subscribers, though the cost of paper is double what it was, and far in excess of the advance in prices we have already made.

We trust therefore that all our subscribers who are in arrears will forward their subscriptions at once, and if they procure for us an additional subscriber or two, we shall esteem it as a favor.

THE DRAFT.

According to the present hopeful aspect of affairs, the present demand for 300,000 more troops will probably be the last—as this number can hardly fail to finish up the war.

In fact, we should not be surprised if this new army really had very little serious work to do.

If, however, these men could not be raised, the rebels might take fresh heart from a seeming exhaustion of the North, and the result might be a continuance of the strife for years, the interference of Louis Napoleon, and the success of the rebellion.

Therefore everything depends upon the loyal masses of the North and West coming up again to the work—and finishing the war, in this auspicious moment of many victories. To falter now is to abandon the awful labor of over two years, at the very moment of happy completion, and allow chaos to come upon the country.

The conscription is an unpleasant thing—we all know that. Its $300 clause, designed to check the extortion of substitute brokers, may really be ill-judged—but it is the law, and must be submitted to, or consequences of the most serious character may come upon us.

The troops must be raised. If the whole North and West do not join in doing it, we of the border states may be forced to do it alone. As the *Public Ledger* of this city thoughtfully says:—

Without these troops, Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Ohio (yes, and Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, Illinois, and Missouri,) will be continually subject to sudden raids of the enemy, destroying their property and plundering their homes. A militia force raised for local service may tend to give some security—in Indiana, 60,000 militia have answered Governor Morton's call—but the best way to secure the Northern border states from any further invasion and plunder, is for the people of those states to aid as far as possible the filling up of the draft and making the army so effective in force as to bring the rebellion to an early close. The people in states to the north of us, who are in comparative safety, may make objection to the draft, but Pennsylvanians should do their duty and answer the call of the Government without demur. It is for their own safety and that of their property; and every man who owns any property and is drafted, instead of availing himself of the means of escape from service, should set the example himself of going to defend it by the side of the man who has no property, but who has liberty, the security of his home and the protection of his family under just laws and good government, to guard and defend.

Yes, if these troops be not raised, we of the border states may be exposed to continual inroads, and to continual proclamations of martial law, and enrollments of the whole able-bodied population. The country as large may also have a foreign war upon it—and the whole Atlantic sea coast may be exposed to burnings, plunder and devastation.

On the other hand, if the 300,000 men now called for be promptly put into the field, the South evidently being nearly exhausted, we shall restore the Union, inaugurate peace, deter foreign interference, and resume our old place—ays, and a greater place than ever—among the nations.

The whole question may be put in a nutshell. The South is exhausted. One more long pull and strong pull, and the great fabric of Rebellion comes tottering to the ground. Fellow countrymen, the whole world are looking at you. Fail not, of all

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[illegible] Hero [illegible] the [illegible] Gen. [illegible] the [illegible] Gen. [illegible] the [illegible] Gen.

PHILADELPHIA.

The city of Philadelphia—we are not now talking of the state of Pennsylvania, but of this "little inland village" of brotherly love—had engaged in the battles at and near Gettysburg twenty-five regiments and one artillery company, whose losses in killed and wounded in these battles, amounted to 1,997 men.

In addition to these 25 regiments thus actually engaged in battle, Philadelphia has sent for the defence of the state, 9,000 men; being her full quota of the 60,000 three months' men ordered into the field by Governor Curtin.

When the returns of the whole state are made up, we believe they will show at least equally well. And we hope to be able ever to say, that the loyalty to the Union thus shown, has been undiminished by the least appearance of any sectional outbreak against the constituted authorities.

HOSPITAL SKETCHES.

BY MISS LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"Which naming no names, no offence could be took."—*Sairy Gamp.*

"They've come! they've come! hurry up, ladies—you're wanted."

"Who have come? the rebels?"

This sudden summons in the gray dawn was somewhat startling to a three days' nurse like myself, and as the thundering knock came at the door, I sprang up in my bed, prepared

"To gird my woman's form,
And on the ramparts die,"

if necessary, but my room-mate took it more coolly, and as she began a rapid toilet, answered my bewildered question.

("Bless you, no child; it's the wounded from Fredericksburg; forty ambulances are at the door, and we shall have our hands full in fifteen minutes.")

Arrival of the Wounded.

The sight of several stretchers, each with its legless, armless, or desperately wounded occupant, entering my ward, admonished me that I was there to work, not to wonder or weep; so I corked up my feelings, and returned to the path of duty, which was rather "a hard road to travel," just then. The house had been a hotel, before hospitals were needed, and many of the doors still bore their old names; some not so inappropriate as might be imagined, for my ward was in truth a *bolt-room*, if gun shot wounds could christen it. Forty beds were prepared, many already tenanted by tired men who fell down anywhere, and drowsed till the smell of food roused them. Round the great stove was gathered the dreariest group I ever saw—ragged, gaunt and pale, mud to the knees, with bloody bandages untouched since put on days before, many bundled up in blankets, coats being lost or useless, and all wearing that disheartened look which proclaimed defeat, more plainly than any telegram of the Burnside blunder. I pitied them so much, I dared not speak to them, though, remembering all they had been through since the rout at Fredericksburg, I felt ready to be handmaid to the dreariest and dirtiest of them all. Presently, Miss Blank tore me from my refuge behind piles of one-sleeved shirts, odd socks, bandages and lint, put basin, sponge, towels, and a block of brown soap into my hands, with these appalling directions.

Water and Wounds.

"Come, my dear, begin to wash as fast as you can. Tell them to take off socks, coats and shirts, scrub them well, then put on clean shirts, and the attendants will finish them off, and lay them in bed."

If she had requested me to shave them all, or dance a hornpipe on the stove funnel, I should have been less staggered; but to scrub some dozen lords of creation at a moment's notice, was really—really—. However, there was no time for nonsense, and having resolved when I came to do everything I was bid, I drowned my scruples in my washbowl, clutched my soap manfully, and assuming a business-like air, made a dab at the first dirty specimen I saw, bent on performing my task *vi et armis* if necessary. I chanced to light on a withered old Irishman, wounded in the head, which caused that portion of his frame to be tastefully laid out like a garden, the bandages being the walks, his hair the shrubbery. He was so overpowered by the honor of having a lady wash him, as he expressed it, that he did nothing but roll up his eyes, and bless me, in an irresistible style which was too much for my sense of the ludicrous, so we laughed together, and when I knelt down to take off his shoes, he "flopped," also, and wouldn't hear of my touching "them dirty craters, may your bed above be aisy, darlin, for the days worrk ye are doon—Whoosh! there ye are, and bedad, it's hard tellin which is the dirtiest, the fut or the shoe." It was; and if he hadn't been to the fore, I should have gone on pulling, under the impression that the "fut," was a boot, for trowsers, socks, shoes, and legs were a mass of mud. This comical tableau produced a general grin, at which propitious beginning I took heart and scrubbed away like any tidy parent on a Saturday night. Some of them took the performance like sleepy children, leaning their tired heads against me as I worked, others looked grimly scandalized, most of the roughest, colored like bashful girls.

A Wounded Philosopher.

One swam a rolled little leg about his neck, and as I moved it to bathe his wounded breast, I said,

"Your talisman didn't save you, did it?"

"Well, I reckon it did, marm, for that shot would a gone a couple a inches deeper, but for my old mammy's camphor bag," answered the cheerful philosopher.

Another with a gunshot wound through the cheek, asked for a looking-glass, and when I brought one, regarded his swollen face with a dolorous expression, as he muttered—

"I vow to gosh, that's too bad! I warn't a bad looking chap before, and now I'm done for; wont there be a thunderin row! and what on earth will Josephine Skinner say?"

He looked up at me with his one eye so appealingly, that I controlled my risibles, and assured him that if Josephine was a girl of sense, she would admire the honorable scar as a lasting proof that he had faced the enemy, for all women thought a wound the best decoration a brave soldier could wear. I hope Miss Skinner verified the good opinion I so nobly expressed of her, but I shall never know.

A Hero Sergeant.

The next scrubbee was a nice looking lad, with a curly brown mane, and a budding trace of gingerbread over the lip, which he called his beard, and defended stoutly, when the barber joccosely suggested its immolation. He lay on a bed with one leg gone, and the right arm so shattered that it must evidently follow, yet the little sergeant was as merry as if his afflictions were not worth lamenting over, and when a drop or two of salt water, mingled with my suds at the sight of this strong young body, so marred and maimed, the boy looked up with a brave smile, though there was a little quiver of the lips, as he said,

"Now don't you fret yourself about me, miss, I'm first-rate here, for it's nuts to lie still on this bed, after knocking about in those confounded ambulances, that shake what there is left of a fellow to jelly. I never was in one of these places before, and think this cleaning up a jolly thing for us, tho' I'm afraid it isn't for you ladies."

"Is this your first battle, Sergeant?"

"No, miss, I've been in six scrimmages, and never got a scratch till this last one, but it's done the business pretty thoroughly for me, I should say. Lord! what a scrumble there'll be for arms and legs when we old boys come out of our graves on the Judgment Day; wonder if we shall get our own again? If we do, my leg will have to tramp from Fredericksburg, my arm from here, I suppose, and meet my body wherever it may be."

The Sarge seemed to tickle him mightily.

—*Boston Commonwealth.*

THE HUMAN EYE.—The language of the eye is very hard to counterfeit. You can read in the eyes of your companion, while you talk, whether your argument hits him, though his tongue will not confess it. There is a look by which a man shows he is going to say a good thing, and a look when he has said it. Vain and forgotten are all the fine offices of hospitality, if there be no holiday in the eye. How many furtive invitations are avowed by the eye though dissembled by the lips. A man comes away from a company; he has heard no important remark, but if in sympathy with the society, he is cognizant of such a stream of life as has been flowing to him through the eye. There are eyes which give no more admission into them than blueberries; others are liquid, and deep wells that men might fall into; and others are oppressive and devouring, and take too much notice. There are asking eyes, and asserting eyes, eyes full of faith—some of good and some of sinister omen.—*Emerson.*

☞ We observe that our new military geographical arrangements include a "Department of the Monongahela." This department, it seems, is under command of Gen. Brooks, although, according to all our preconceived ideas on the subject, we should have supposed that the Monongahela ought to be looked after by the Secretary of the Interior.

"Come, wife," said Will, "I pray you devote
Just half a minute to mend this coat,
Which a nail has chanced to rend."
"Tis ten o'clock," said his drowsy mate;
"I know," said Will, "it is rather late,
But it's never too late to *mend*!"

☞ A desperate chap recently made the determined resolution of marrying the girl he was in pursuit of, if he never had another as long as he lived.

☞ One of the incidents of the late battle was the shelling of a farm house by a rebel battery, commanded by the son of the owner and occupant. During a charge of the Union troops the son was killed, but the father refused to look upon the remains of his ungrateful child.

☞ Question for divinity students—Did Ruth, when she went a gleaning, expect to find such a *beau* as Boaz, and didn't she consider him "as good as wheat," and rather better?

☞ More beautiful than Apollo is the soldier, lying face forward upon the battlefield, grimed with powder and smeared with blood, if for a sacred cause he dared to die.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT.

Women's Pennsylvania Branch,
1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

PRESENT DEMAND FOR HOSPITAL SUPPLIES.

Vegetables, butter, cheese and eggs are still the most needed hospital stores, and we re-echo the pleading call that comes up to us from the Southwest for these articles of diet; luxuries to the inmates of our army hospitals. If societies find difficulty in obtaining fitkins, kegs or cans, for packing the butter, eggs, &c., that are donated, it might be well to invest a small sum in purchase of them, which may then be given out to the families of a neighborhood to be filled for the soldiers. Many farmers' wives would give each day a part of the proceeds of the churn or the poultry yard, if a can or a keg were furnished as a suggestion to such a donation.

The demand just now is very urgent for cotton shirts and drawers. Those made with the side seams left open and closed by strings are desired especially, our city hospitals being greatly in need of them.

Slippers for the hospitals are also much wanted.

It is suggested to correspondents to use cotton materials made up into bags for the purpose of sending to us sugar and other perishable stores, paper, which is easily affected by moisture, being very insecure.

If, when the war is over, the interesting and touching incidents that have come under the eyes of the earnest men and women who have given themselves up to minister to the welfare of our soldiers through the Sanitary Commission and the hospitals, could be given to the world, what a record it would be!—how much it would tend to elevate the opinion of human nature—how it would exalt our estimate of those noble self-sacrificing men, who at their country's call have gone forth to defend her in her time of need, and uphold the cause of liberty for future generations. There is no hospital which could not furnish its volume of incidents that would do honor to human nature—no ward from which grateful men have not come forth, softened and elevated by the ordeal they have passed through, bearing their testimony by warm and heartfelt letters from their distant homes to those who have ministered to them in prostration and suffering.

It is most gratifying to all engaged in working for the Sanitary Commission to receive constant proofs of this recognition of their labors. An officer, son of an Episcopal clergyman, who, not long since, died in one of our hospitals, left all his wardrobe and valuables to the Commission as an acknowledgement of the value of the Association. A soldier from Massachusetts, who had been tenderly nursed at Fifth and Buttonwood hospital, as soon as he returned home, sent a large box of useful stores to the Women's Penn. Branch, collected by the women of Dorchester and Milton in token of his gratitude.

A few days ago the following letter was received at the Women's Branch:

PENFIELD, MONROE CO., N. Y.

You helped me to find my brother at Washington, and I believe that the Commission saved his life. I want to know the plan of operation, that the people may do something. Please tell all the things you need, the kind of clothes, and the fruit, dried or canned, the way of transportation, and the way to mark them. I want to show the people that you are doing a good work.

THE WOUNDED.

FREDERICK CITY, July 9, 1863.

Since the battle of Gettysburg the Sanitary Commission has distributed to the sick and wounded in the Army of the Potomac, and of the enemy lying in the hospitals with them, one hundred wagon loads of hospital supplies, and have now five rail-car loads on the way to Gettysburg.

The President of the Commission, Dr. Agnew, and Dr. Douglas are at Gettysburg.

The General Secretary, Professor Steiner, Dr. Winslow and Dr. Brink, with a corps of relief agents and a wagon train, attend the movements of the army from this point.

Dr. Swaim accompanies the Column of Gen. Couch in the Cumberland Valley.

Major Harris in Harrisburg; Mr. Lewis in Philadelphia.

Mr. Knapp and Mr. Pancoast in Baltimore.

Mr. Bellows in Washington.

Mr. Claupitt, at Frederick, superintends the transmission of supplies.

Each of these gentlemen have had two years' experience with the army.

Cars, accompanied by special agents, leave Boston, New York, Buffalo, and Philadelphia, for the points of demand, as often as supplies accumulate in sufficient quantities.

Special arrangements are made to prevent delay in their movements with the Railroad Companies and with the Government.

The supplies are distributed by the experienced agents of the Commission. Their zeal in reaching the points where other aid cannot be depended on is indicated by the fact that, in the present campaign, three agents of the Commission have been captured by the enemy's cavalry in pushing succor to exposed points. The wagons of the Commission, under the superintendence of Mr. Hoag, visited the collections of wounded on the field of Gettysburg, while the battles of the 2nd and 3rd inst. were in progress, and hours before supplies reached them from other quarters.

The Commission is engaging in the general transportation of sick and wounded. Over one hundred thousand of such have been sent to the asylums of Gen. Banks in Louisiana. Much more than that to those of Gen. Grant and Gen. Rosecrans. At the moment the Commission is making grants to the value of at least one hundred dollars each day.

A work of this character and magnitude can only be sustained by the constant, systematic co-operation of a great number of voluntary societies and by the most earnest efforts on the part of the benevolence. To meet the necessities of the pleading hosts of the field, and of the well-known policy of the Commission, can only be explained.

It is only asked that the present occasion may be taken to establish a more complete adoption of the principle of systematic effort by the "connection of individuals with existing societies co-operating with the Commission, by enlarging more steadily, regular and systematic methods of collecting and transmitting contributions, and by establishing a connection of the fully organized efforts in 6 weeks of each kind. Hundreds will over their lives the work to those who did not hold their hand when there was no special public excitement, by which the Commission had stored up its Provision, Clothing, Hospital, Ambulance, and reserves at Philadelphia, New York, and Boston.

Those who wish to cordially co-operate with the Commission will now go to work as if we were just entering upon a long war, and with the thought of its continuance. Momentary enthusiasm is not desired, but the Commission offers its agency to all who wish to steadily contribute to the relief of the sick and wounded, and to the comfort of the army, by such means and in such organization as will best secure the end. While the armies are concentrated, and the volunteer army disbanded, which has, under no circumstances, can possibly occur for a long time to come. Let those who have not begun to work systematically for the army begin now. Let those who have been working steadily become more steadfast and orderly in their work.

All individual contributions should, when practicable, be made to local societies. It is unnecessary to ask what is especially needed. Whatever comes will find what is useful in the care of the sick and wounded. An excess of any ordinary supply of delicacies cannot occur.

Societies should endeavor as much as possible to make regular shipments to the depot to which those goods can be assorted, arranged and shipped in exact accordance with the demand of the army at different points.

The number of these depots cannot be increased and goods cannot be received otherwise than through them, without causing unnecessary expense and trouble to the Commission, nor without a diminution of their value. For instance, those who have lately sent their goods to Washington, without orders in many cases, may now force the Commission to hold them idle to reassort, and repack, and retransport them northward, when, quite possibly, they consist of goods especially called for at this moment in Boston, or New York, or Louisville, for transmission to Port Royal, Port Hudson, or Vicksburg.

Philadelphia Office for the Reception of Supplies,

NO. 1307 CHESTNUT STREET.

CONTRIBUTIONS IN MONEY

TO BE SENT TO

CALEB COPE, Treasurer,

N. E. corner MINOR and SIXTH Streets.

Rev. H. W. BELLOWS, PRESIDENT.
FRED. LAW OLMSTEAD,
General Secretary.

The following form of direction used by the Women's P. B. U. S. San. Com. is copied to accommodate our correspondents at a distance. The press of business is so great at present that it is feared the printed cards may not be forwarded always when requested:

Collect freight }
on Delivery. }

WOMEN'S PENN'A BRANCH,
U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION,
No. 1307 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia.

From

DONATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA, July 13, 1863.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

1 box from Mrs. John Preston and ladies of Dorchester and Milton Lower Mills, through Walter Swan, a grateful soldier, formerly in Hospital Fifth and Buttonwood.
1 parcel, Miss Zell, 1737 Filbert street.
Delicacies, the Misses Thomas.
1 pkg, 1 package, Danville, Montour county.
Needle cases, Moyamensing Contributing Aid, Miss E. H. Haven.
3 boxes candles, S. H. Grant, Phila.
3 boxes, Pottsville, (1 from Aid Society, 2 from children of the Episcopal Sunday-School) Amanda Silliman, Sec'y.
1 pkg., Misses Lewis.
1 pkg., Mrs. Wm. Schott, 1523 Walnut street.
3 pkgs., Eleventh Baptist Church, Mrs. J. Hyatt Smith, 609 North Eleventh street.
3 pkgs., Ladies' Aid, Reading, Mrs. G. A. Nicholls.
1 pkg., Mrs. S. Hopkins, 111 South Broad st.
2 boxes, St. Mark's Auxiliary Society (Lutheran), Miss Major.
2 pkgs., Church of Holy Trinity, through Miss Lea.
1 parcel, a Friend.
2 doz., Jamaica ginger, a lady Friend.
1 parcel, Mrs. Charles Cumbios.
1 pkg., Mrs. Williams, 733 Arch street.
Oranges, Mrs. Lathrop.
1 pkg., Soldiers' Aid. Church of the Saviour, West Phila.
5 pkgs., Old Pine St. Church, Mrs. J. C. Farr.
1 pkg., All Saints' Church, Lower Dublin, Mrs. J. C. Fisher.
6 boxes, Ladies' Aid, Reading.
1 pkg., Mrs. M. N. Taylor.
2 boxes, Ladies' Aid. Trenton.
2 jars, Ladies' Aid, Burlington, N. J.
1 pkg., Mrs. W. L. Dennis, 1927 Cherry street.
1 parcel, Mrs. Wm. A. Trotter, Chestnut Hill.
1 pkg., a Friend.
2 pkgs., School House Lane Circle.
1 pkg., Mrs. Nixon, Germantown.
1 parcel, a Friend.
Ripe Currants, from an old man, name unknown.
1 pkg., Mrs. A. and Mrs. F. W. Ralston, 1130 Spruce street.
1 pkg., Mrs. M. A. Longstreth.
1 pkg., Church of the Ascension, Chest.
1 pkg., Mrs. Thomas, 1108 Chestnut street.
1 box, 1 keg, Ladies' Aid, Reading.
1 box, Soldiers' Aid Society, Springville Susquehanna county.
1 barrel, Ladies' Aid, Elk Lake, Dimock, Susquehanna county.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Trenton, N. J.
1 box, Soldiers' Aid, Swedesboro.
1 box, Mrs. Wm. Ellis.
1 box, "A Soldier's" Aid, Phila.
1 box, Spencer Miller.
1 box, Charles Gleim.
1 box, Mrs. Morris.
1 box, Mrs. Cameron.
1 box, Mrs. Cope & Co.
1 box, Master Sammons.
1 box, Mrs. Dr. Hewson.
1 pkg., Mrs. Dr. Goodman.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Mrs. Kent, Bloomfield, Upper Darby, Pa.
1 box, Mrs. J. A. Brown, 1826 Locust street.
1 box, Mrs. Thomas Hamilton, N. Y.
1 box, 1 bbl., Mrs. Morris.
1 box, 1 pkg., Derby Hospital Aid Society.
3 pkgs., Jefferson St. Girls' Grammar School.
1 box, Mrs. Gregg, 1308 Chestnut st.
1 box, Mrs. H. Brown.
1 box, 1 pkg., Ladies' Aid, Delaware City, Del.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Bustleton, Pa.
1 box and 3 bbls., Ladies' Aid, Doylestown, Bucks county.
1 boxes, Ladies' Aid, Chester.
1 boxes, Twelfth St. M. E. Church, Mr. A. Sappington's.
1 pkg., a gentleman.
1 pkg., a lady.
1 pkg., Mrs. Charles Willing, 216 Spruce st.
1 pkg., Mrs. M. L.
1 box, donor unknown.
1 pkg., Mrs. Hamilton, 1813 Delancy Place.
Lemons, etc., Mrs. A. S. Roberts, 220 North Eighteenth street.
1 pkg., St. Luke's Auxiliary Society.
1 box, Miss Anna Pickering, Aurora, Penna., through Mrs. Mackie.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Potterville.
6 kegs, St. James's Church, through Miss Green.
1 box, etc., Mrs. John Heigel, 456 Marshall st.
3 boxes, 1 basket, St. Paul's Chestnut Hill.

CALEB COPE, TREASURER OF THE United States Sanitary Commission, Northeast corner of MINOR and SIXTH streets also acknowledges the receipt in cash since the last report:

Previously reported	$113,948 26
Total	$116,286 26

☞ A correspondent asks if it would be pardonable to call a crowd of extensively hooped ladies a *swell* mob.

☞ Some English snobs are putting through a subscription for a statue to Stonewall Jackson. It is to cost $6,000, and to be made of marble. The fellows don't care a straw about Jackson, but they want to express their sympathy with the South.

☞ An officer who was in the battle of Gettysburg, says that the charge against the citizens of that place of inattention to the sick and wounded, is wholly untrue, so far as the ladies are concerned. He says that of necessity nearly every house was made a hospital, and the ladies were unremitting night and day in their efforts to relieve the sufferings of the wounded.

☞ The Bavarian Minister of War has issued an order prohibiting all officers in the service from wearing spectacles; those who cannot do without them are recommended to resign, as being unfit for military duty. Gen. Meade uses glasses, being near-sighted.

☞ A paragraph has been going the rounds, of an old lady who has a moustache on her lip. It is not uncommon for *young* ladies in this vicinity to have moustaches *on their lips.*

☞ Desire to say things which no one ever said makes some people say things which nobody ought to say.

☞ "There's no humbug about those sardines," said Brown, as he helped himself to a third plateful from a newly-opened box; "they are the genuine article, and came all the way from the Mediterranean." "Yes," replied his economical wife, "and if you will only control your appetite they will *go a great deal further.*"

☞ Rowena Granice Steel, editress of the Merced Banner, has been favored with a "blessed baby," which she curses with the following pronomen: "Jefferson Davis Lee Stonewall Jackson Steel." As Steel was the patronyme, the name of Floyd should have been put in somewhere.

☞ Here is a long sentence of thirty-two words, which some ingenious child has got up with just the letters found in the word *maiden.* "Ida, a maiden, a mean man named Ned Dean, and Media, a mad dame, made me mend a die and a dime, and mind a mine in a dim den in Maine.

☞ OUR FISHERMEN.—Fishermen, in war times, have been regarded as neutrals or non-combatants, and free from attack or seizure. It remained for the rebel pirates to violate this usage and wantonly destroy the property of an industrious and defenceless class, whose vocation is hazardous enough always to exempt them from savage assaults on their unarmed craft.

☞ What kind of currency do soldiers get when they "change their quarters?"

☞ Two gentlemen fishing; sharp boy appears. "Well, sir, git any bites?" "Lots of 'em." "Y-e-s, under your hat." Race between boy and sundry stones—boy a little ahead.

☞ People with short legs step quickly, because legs are pendulums and swing more times in a minute the shorter they are.

LATEST NEWS.

The Attack on Fort Wagner.

The siege of Charleston is progressing very favorably. Advices from the army before the city say that the combined fire of the gun and fleet batteries on Morris Island has been terrific. Two-thirds of Wagner have been battered down by way of New York we learn that Morris Island has been evacuated by the rebels, and that our forces are preparing to move from Wagner.

The Capture of Vicksburg.

While these events are transpiring in the east, the great struggle for the Mississippi is progressing in the west. Vicksburg is surrendered, and Port Hudson is expected to follow suit. Gen. Banks has captured 5,000 prisoners, and 15 guns, and is pressing the rebels hard. It is reported that Gen. Grant has erected another battery on Warrenton, on the Potomac, below Aquia Creek, and has fired on the steamer Pawnee. A number of gunboats have been sent to the Potomac to reduce the battery.

Three Days of Morgan's men were captured near Bellaire, and among them Col. Dick Morgan.

Col. Hatch, accompanied a body of rebel cavalry at Jackson, Tenn., on the 19th. The enemy lost 300 in killed and wounded. We released 400 conscripts and took 900 prisoners.

A rumor prevailed at Cincinnati on Saturday, that General Blunt had captured Little Rock, with a large number of prisoners.

☞ People who talk of the "rendition" of a song or a drama are informed that such a use of the word is incorrect. "Rendering" is the one which should be employed. "Rendition" is surrender, as when the "rendition" of Sidell and Mason was decided.

☞ Stonewall Jackson, it seems, was a Yankee after all, for his true name being Thomas *Jonathan* Jackson.

☞ THE HERO OF THE WEST.—General Halleck says that General Grant has fought fifteen battles and won fifteen victories.

☞ At the annual soiree of the Microscopic Society, lately held in London, Mr. Webb exhibited writing so minute that all of the Old and New Testaments, written in similar characters, would come twice over in the space of a square inch.

☞ The following, written by one who knows, shows considerable appreciation of human nature: "Men never so entirely worship women as when they are surrounded by the wondrous folds of a delicate, semi transparent muslin dress. They may respect them in calico, they may admire them in velvet, but they love them in muslin."

☞ The difference between the past and present customs of Princes is seen by comparing the ten million dinner service of the Prince of Wales and his table of luxury, with the simplicity that characterized old time royalty, when, as described by the chronicler:

The King and Queen sat down to dine,
And many more beside;
And what they did not eat that night,
Next morning *it was fried!*

☞ It is getting to be a question which is the most dangerous, our iron-clad ships or our steel-clad women! A distressed lover, in Blackwood, thus expatiates on the dangers of crinoline:

How can I stoop? How can I kneel?
How can I worship at thy feet?
When thou art fenced about with steel,
An Amazon in mail complete!
I fear not Cupid's fiercest dart—
Am willing for thy sake to die;
But if a splinter chanced to start,
Why, dearest, I might lose an eye!
Ah, cruel! wherefore bear that mine
Of danger in thy crinoline?

☞ A sort of sleep lingers all our lifetime about our eyes, as night hovers all day in the boughs of the fir tree.

☞ What is the principal difference between the swallow and the cat? It is an admitted fact that "one swallow does not make a summer," but any cat can make a spring.

☞ Quilp being about to leave town, remarked to his servant that he should "start for New York to morrow, *Deo volente*" (God willing) "What route is that, sir?" inquired the valet. "By waf of Providence, of course," replied Quilp.

☞ Enjoy your own life without comparing it with that of another.

☞ Heaven has promised pardon to him that repents, but it has not promised repentance to him that sins.

☞ APPROPRIATE.—A lady well advanced in maidenhood at her marriage requested the choir to sing the hymn commencing:

"This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not."

☞ The greatest miracle ever wrought by love is the reformation of a coquette.

☞ The medical journals record a most important fact concerning vaccination. Mr. Henry Lee states that proper vaccine lymph is amorphous and transparent. Any lymph which, under the microscope, shows the presence of blood or pus corpuscles, is unfitted for use.

☞ The first thought of a girl upon receiving an offer is about her wedding dress.

TRUTHS.

I wear a rose in my hair,
Because I find like a weed;
Who knows that the rose is thorny
And makes my temples bleed?

If one gain to his journey's end, what matter
how galled the steed?

I glean my days with laughter,
Because I cannot be calm;
When you listen to the organ,
Do you hear the words of the psalm?

If they give you poison to drink, 'tis better to
call it balm.

If I cannot at youth's wild passion,
Who finches I break my heart?
'Tis this world's righteous fashion,
With a sneer to cover a smart.

Better to give up living than not to play your
part.

If I scatter gold like a goblin,
My life may yet be poor.
Does Love come in at the window
When Money stands at the door?

I am what I seem to men. Need I be say
more?

God sees from the high bliss heaven,
He sees the grape in the flower;
He hears one's life-blood dripping
Through the maddest, merriest hour;
He knows what sackcloth and ashes hide in the
purple of power.

The broken wing of the swallow
He binds in the middle air;
I shall be what I am in Paradise—
So, heart, no more despair!
Remember the blessed Jesus, and wipe His feet
with thy hair. ROSE TERRY.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A POWERFUL ALLY.

Richard Thornton was not slow to respond to Eleanor's summons. The same post which carried Mrs. Monckton's letter to the young man, conveyed another letter, addressed to the Signora, urging her to abandon her pupils, for a time at least, and to come at once to Tolldale.

Eleanor had not forgotten the faithful friends who had succored her in the day of her desolation, but the Signora's habits of independence were not to be conquered, and Mrs. Monckton found there was very little that Eliza Picirillo would consent to accept from her.

She had insisted upon removing the music-mistress from the eccentric regions of the Pilasters to a comfortable first-floor in Dudley street. She had furnished this new shelter with easy chairs, and Brussels carpets, an Erard's piano, and proof impressions of the Signora's favorite pictures; and in doing this she had very nearly exhausted her first year's income, much to the satisfaction of Gilbert Monckton, who implored her to call upon him freely for any money she might want for her friends.

It pleased him to see her do these things. It was a delight to him to see her thus tenderly grateful to the friends of her adversity.

"A mercenary woman would have cast off these humble associations," he thought: "this girl must be the noble creature I believed her to be, when I flung down my happiness for the second time at a woman's feet."

But although Eleanor would have gladly lavished every shilling she possessed upon Eliza Picirillo and her nephew, she could not persuade either the music-mistress or the scene-painter to work less hard than it had been their wont to do for many wearisome years. The Signora still went from house to house in attendance upon her out-of-door pupils, and still received young ladies bent on wearing the laurel crown of the lyric drama. Richard still painted snow-clad mountain-tops, and impossible Alpine passes, impractically prosperous villages, and wide-spreading farm-lands of yellow corn, bounded by rustic white palings, and inhabited by husbandmen in linen gaiters and chintz waistcoats. It was in vain, therefore, that Mrs. Monckton had hitherto implored her friends to come to Tolldale, and it was only in consequence of a very serious misunderstanding with Messrs. Spavin and Cromshaw, which for a time threw the scene-painter out of employment, that Richard Thornton was able to respond to Eleanor's earnest appeal.

A January that had been bleaker and colder than even January is expected to be, was drawing to a close, when Signora Picirillo and her nephew arrived at the Priory. The woods round Tolldale were shrouded with snow, the broad lawns before Woodlands were as white as Richard's Alpine passes, and Maurice de Crespigny had been for many weeks a prisoner to the house. Laura's wedding-day was appointed for the fifteenth of March, and that young lady was, when uncoupled by her lover's society, entirely absorbed in the millinery and manufacturing necessary for the preparation of her bridal outfit.

Richard Thornton had considerably modified the eccentric fashion of his beard, and had bought a new suit of clothes in honor of his fair young hostess. The scene-painter had not seen Eleanor since the morning on which he had fled away from the Pilasters to hide his sorrows among the swamps of Battersea. The meeting, therefore, was a painful one to him; all the more painful, perhaps, because Mrs. Monckton received him with the frankly affectionate welcome which she would have bestowed upon a brother.

"You must help me, Dick," she said, "for the sake of others, if not for my sake; you cannot now refuse to fathom this mystery. If Launcelot Darrell is the man I believe him to be, he is no fit husband for an affectionate and trusting girl. He has no right to inherit Maurice de Crespigny's fortune! The marriage between Laura and this man is to take place upon the fifteenth of March. Maurice de Crespigny may die to-morrow. We have very little time before us, Richard."

So Mr. Thornton was fain to obey the imperious young lady, who had been in the habit of ordering him about ever since those old days in which he had kept rabbits and silkworms for her gratification. He set himself to his task very faithfully, and did his best to become acquainted with Launcelot Darrell's character.

The well-born young artist, who meant to do something very great in the Academy, at his earliest convenience, treated the scene-painter with a supercilious good-nature that was by no means agreeable to Mr. Thornton.

Dick had resolved not to be prejudiced against Eleanor's fancied enemy, lest that young lady's vehement impulses should have led her into rather an awkward mistake; but there was something in the insolent assurance of Launcelot Darrell that aroused Richard's indignation, and it was not without an effort that he contrived to be commonly civil to poor Laura's affianced husband.

Launcelot dined at Tolldale upon the evening of the arrival of Eleanor's guests, and it was at the dinner-table that Richard first had an opportunity of observing the man he had been entrusted to watch. Mr. Monckton, sitting at the bottom of the table, and looking at his wife athwart a glittering array of glass and silver, became aware of a change in Eleanor's manner. A change that mystified and bewildered him, but which was not altogether unpleasant to him.

The lawyer's jealousy had been chiefly aroused by the perpetual uneasiness of Eleanor's manner when Launcelot Darrell was present; by the furtive, yet unguarded watch which she kept upon the young man's movements. To-night, for the first time, her manner had changed. It was no longer Launcelot Darrell, but Richard Thornton whom she watched.

Following every varying expression of her face, Gilbert Monckton saw that she looked at the scene-painter with an earnest, questioning, appealing glance, that seemed to demand something of him, or urge him on to the performance of something that she wanted done. Looking from his wife to Richard, the lawyer saw that Launcelot Darrell was still watched, but this time the eyes that observed him were those of the Signora's nephew.

Mr. Monckton felt very much like a spectator, who looks on at a drama which is being acted in a language that is unknown to him. The *dramatis personæ* come in, they are earnest or vehement, joyous or sorrowful, as the case may be, but not having any clue to the plot, the wretched lookers-on can scarcely feel intense delight in the performance.

Eleanor contrived to question her ally in the course of the evening.

"Well, Richard," she said, "is Launcelot Darrell the man who cheated my father?"

"I don't know about that, Mrs. Monckton, but—"

"But you think —?"

"I think he is by no means the most delightful or the best of men. He snubs me because I paint scenery for the Phœnix; and he accepts that silly little girl's homage with the air of a sultan."

"Then you don't like him, Dick?"

Mr. Thornton drew a long breath, as if by some powerful effort of his will he repressed a vehement and unseemly expression of feeling.

"I think he's—you know what a great tragedian used to call people when they rang down the act-drop three minutes before Lear had finished using bad language to his eldest daughter, or came up in the witches' cauldron with their backs to the audience—and nervous people have been known to do that, Eleanor;—it isn't pleasant to stand on a rickety ladder and talk to a quick-tempered tragedian out of a canvas saucepan, with the smell of burning rosin in your nostrils, and another nervous apparition wanting to get you off the ladder before you've finished your speech. I think Launcelot Darrell is—a beast, Mrs. Monckton; and I have no doubt he would cheat at cards, if he had the chance of doing it with perfect safety and convenience."

"You think that?" cried Eleanor, seizing upon this latter part of Richard's speech; "you think that he would cheat a helpless old man. Prove that, Richard, prove it, and I will be as merciless to Launcelot Darrell as he was by my father—his uncle's friend, too; he knew that."

"Eleanor Monckton," Richard said, earnestly, "I have never been serious before upon this matter; I have hoped that you would confirm your girlish confidence; I hoped above all that when you married—" his voice trembled a little here, but he went bravely on—"now duties would make you forget this old promise; and I did my best, Heaven knows, to wean you from the infatuation. But now that I have seen this man, Launcelot Darrell, it seems to me as if there may have been something of inspiration in your sudden recognition of him. I have already seen enough of him to know at least that he is no fit husband for that poor, little romantic girl with the primrose-colored ringlets; and I will do my best to find out where he was, and what he was doing, during those years in which he is supposed to have been in India."

"You will do this, Richard?"

"Yes, Mrs. Monckton;" the young man addressed his old companion by this name, using the unfamiliar appellation as a species of rod by which he kept in order and subdued certain rebellious emotions that would arise as he remembered how utterly the beautiful girl, whose presence had made sunshine in the shabbiest, if not the shadiest of places, was now lost to him. "Yes, Mrs. Monckton, I will try and fathom the mystery. This Launcelot Darrell must be very clever if he can have contrived to do away with every vestige of the years in which he was or was not in India. However subtly Time may tread, he leaves his footmarks behind him, and it will be strange if we can't find some tell-tale impression whereby Mr. Darrell's secret may be discovered. By-the-by, Mrs. Monckton, you have had a good deal of time for observation. What have you done towards investigating the young man's antecedents?"

Eleanor blushed, and hesitated a little before she answered this very direct question.

"I have watched him very closely," she said, "and I've listened to every word he has ever said—"

"To be sure. In the expectation, no doubt, that he would betray himself by frowns and scowls, and other facial contortions, after the manner of a stage villain; or that he would say, 'At such a time I was in Paris;' or, 'At such a time I cheated at cards.' You go cleverly to work, Mrs. Monckton, for an amateur detective!"

"What ought I to have done, then?" Eleanor asked despondently.

"You should have endeavored to trace up the history of the past by those evidences which the progress of life can scarcely fail to leave behind it. Watch the man's habits and associations, rather than the man himself. Have you had access to the rooms in which he lives?"

"Yes; I have been with Laura to Hazlewood often since I came here. I have been in Launcelot Darrell's rooms."

"And have you seen nothing there? no book, no letter, no scrap of evidence that might make one link in the story of this man's life?"

"Nothing—nothing particular. He has some French novels on a shelf in one corner of his sitting-room."

"Yes; but the possession of a few French novels scarcely proves that he was in Paris in the year '53. Did you look at the titles of the books?"

"No. What could I have gained by seeing them?"

"Something, perhaps. The French are a volatile people. The fashion of one year is not the fashion of another. If you had found some work that made a *furore* in that particular year, you might have argued that Launcelot Darrell was a *flaneur* in the Galerie d'Orleans or on the Boulevard where the book was newly exhibited in the shop windows. If the novels were new ones, and not Michel Levey's eternal reprints of Sand and Soulie, Balzac and Bernard, you might have learnt something from them. The science of detection, Mrs. Monckton, lies in the observation of insignificant things. It is a species of mental geology. A geologist looks into a gravel pit, and tells you the history of the creation; a clever detective looks over a man's carpet-bag, and convicts that man of a murder or a forgery."

"I know I have been very stupid," Eleanor murmured almost piteously.

"Heaven forbid that you should ever be very clever in such a line as this. There must be detective officers; they are the polished blood-hounds of our civilized age, and very noble and estimable animals when they do their duty conscientiously; but fair-haired young ladies should be kept out of this *galere*. Think no more of this business, then, Eleanor. If Launcelot Darrell was the man who played ecarte with your father on the 11th of August, '53, I'll find a proof of his guilt. Trust me to do that."

"I will trust you, Richard."

Mrs. Monckton held out her hand with a certain queenliness of gesture, as if she would thereby have ratified a bond between herself and her old friend; and as the flower of bygone chivalry were wont to vow the accomplishment of great deeds on the jewelled hilt of a cross-handled sword, so Richard Thornton, bending his honest head, swore allegiance upon the hand of Gilbert Monckton's young wife.

"One word more, Mrs. Monckton," said the scene-painter, "and then we had better leave off talking, or people will begin to wonder why we are so confidential and mysterious. This Mr. Darrell is an artist, I understand. Does he paint much?"

"Oh yes, a great deal; that is to say, he begins a great many things."

"Precisely; he does a good many rough sketches, scraps of pencil and crayon, eh?"

"Yes."

"And he fills portfolios with such scraps, and litters his studio with them?"

"Yes."

"Then I must have a look at his studio, Mrs. Monckton. An artist—poo, even the poorest artist, the furthest away from the sublimity of genius, is sure to be fond of his art. He makes a confidant of it; he betrays a hundred secrets, that he keeps locked from every living creature, in the freedom of his studio. His pencil is the outer expression of his mind, and whatever falsehoods he may impose upon his fellow-men, his sketch-book will tell the truth. It will betray him when he is false, and reveal him when he is true. I must have a look at Launcelot Darrell's studio, Mrs. Monckton. Let me see the man's pictures, and I may be able to tell you more about the man himself."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE TESTIMONY OF THE SKETCH-BOOK.

It is only natural that one painter should take an interest in the work of another. Mr. Darrell testified no surprise, therefore, when Richard Thornton appeared at Hazlewood the morning after his arrival at Tolldale, under convoy of Mrs. Monckton and Laura.

"I've come to say how sorry I was at your not coming to dinner last night, dear Mrs. Darrell," Laura said to the lady who was so soon to be her mother-in-law; "and I want to ask you whether I ought to have the sprigged muslin morning dresses trimmed with pink or blue, or whether I ought to have three of them pink and three blue, for Launcelot might get tired of seeing me in the same colors, you know, and I might have two of them trimmed with peach, if it came to that; and Eleanor has come with me; and Mr. Thornton—Mr. Thornton, Mrs. Darrell; Mrs. Darrell, Mr. Thornton—has come too, because he is an artist, and wants to see Launcelot's pictures—especially the beautiful picture that's going into the Academy, and that the committee is sure to hang on the line; and I'm sure Launcelot will let Mr. Thornton see his studio—won't you, dear Launcelot?"

Miss Mason pursed up her rosy lips, and put her head on one side, like an insinuating canary, as she addressed her affianced husband. She looked very pretty in her winter costume, with a good deal of rich, brown fur about her, and a dash of scarlet here and there. She looked like a fashionably-dressed Red Ridinghood, simple enough to be deluded by the weakest-minded of wolves. She was so pretty that her lover glanced down at her with a gratified smile, deriving considerable pleasure from the idea that she belonged to him, and that she was, on the whole, something to be rather proud of; something that added to the young sultan's dignity, and bore testimony to his supreme merits.

Eleanor looked at the lovers with a contemptuous curve lifting her firm upper lip. She despised Launcelot Darrell so utterly, that she was almost cruel enough to despise Laura for loving him.

"Yes," she thought, "Mr. Monckton is right. Shallow, selfish, and frivolous! He is all these, and he is false as well. Heaven help you, Laura, if I cannot save you from a marriage with this man."

Mr. Darrell was very well pleased to do the honors of his studio to Richard Thornton. It would be quite a new sort of thing to this scene-painting fellow, the embryo Academician thought; the poor devil would pick up fresh ideas, and get a glimpse at the higher regions of art for the first time in his life perhaps.

Launcelot Darrell led the way to that pleasant, prettily-furnished room which he called his studio. The "Rosalind and Celia" still occupied the post of honor on the easel. Mr. Darrell worked very hard, but in that spasmodic fashion which is antagonistic to anything like progress. The enthusiasm which upon one occasion kept him at his picture long after the fading light had given him notice to leave it, entirely deserted him upon another, and was perhaps followed by a fit of disgust with himself and with his art, which kept him idle for weeks together.

He made a merit of this fitfulness, deprecating a power of steady and persistent labor as the faculty of a tradesman, rather than an artist. He took credit to himself for the long pauses of idleness in which he waited for what he called inspiration, and imposed upon his mother by his grand talk about earnestness, conscientiousness, reverence for the sublimity of art, and a great many more fine phrases by which he contrived to excuse the simple fact of his laziness. So Eleanor Vane, as sorrowful *Rosalind*, still smiled sadly upon a simpering *Celia*:—it had been quite impossible to prevent Miss Mason's assuming the conventional simper of the weak-minded sitter, who can't forget that his portrait is being taken, and that he is in a manner in the very act of handing down his smile to posterity, or to the furniture brokers—out of an unfinished back-ground, and clad in robes of unfinished satin and velvet. Mr. Thornton wondered as he looked at the young man's work, and remembered how many miles of canvas Whist had "blocked in" for one first he had blistered his brushes, and splashed in sky borders and cloud pieces for the chief scene-painter of the Phœnix.

Launcelot Darrell, with his mahlstick in his hand, smiled with sublime patronage upon Eleanor's humble friend.

"This sort of thing is rather different to what you've been used to, I suppose?" he said; "rather another kind of work than your pantomime scenes, your grots of everlasting bliss, and caves of constant content, where the water-falls are spangles sewn upon white tape, and the cloudless skies are blue gauze and silver foil?"

"But we're not always painting transformations, you know," Mr. Thornton answered, in nowise offended by the artist's graceful insolence; "scene-painting isn't all done with Dutch metal and the glue-pot: we're obliged to know a little about perspective, and to have a slight knowledge of color. Some of my brotherhood have turned out tolerable landscape-painters, Mr. Darrell. By-the-by, you don't do anything in the way of landscape, do you?"

"Yes," Launcelot Darrell answered, indifferently, "I used to try my hand at landscape; but human interest, human interest, Mr. Thornton, is the strong point of a picture. To my mind a picture should be a story, a drama, a tragedy, a poem—something that explains itself without any help from a catalogue."

"Precisely. An epic upon a Bishop's half-length," Richard Thornton answered, rather absently. He saw Eleanor's watchful eyes fixed upon him, and knew that with every moment she was losing faith in him. Looking round the room he saw, too, that there were a couple of bloated portfolios leaning against the wall, and running over with sheets of dirty Bristol board and crumpled drawing paper.

"Yes," Launcelot Darrell repeated, "I have tried my hand at landscape. There are a few in one of those portfolios—the upper one, I think—not the purple one; I keep private memoranda and scraps in that. The green portfolio, Mr. Thornton; you may find some things there that will interest you—that might be useful to you, perhaps."

The artist threw down his mahlstick, and strolled across the room to talk to Laura Mason and his mother, who were sitting near the fire. In doing this he left Eleanor and Richard side by side, near the easel and the corner in which the portfolios leaned against the wall.

There was a large old-fashioned window in this corner of the room, the casement against which Eleanor had stood when Launcelot Darrell asked her to be his wife. The window was in a deep recess, shaded by thick crimson curtains, and in the recess there was a table. Any one sitting at this table was almost concealed from the other inmates of the room.

Richard Thornton lifted both the portfolios, and placed them on this table. Eleanor stood beside him, breathless and expectant.

"The purple portfolio contains private memoranda," whispered the young man; "it is in that portfolio we must look, Mrs. Monckton. There is no such thing as honor in the road we have chosen for ourselves."

The scene-painter untied the strings of the loaded scrap-book, and flung it open. A chaotic mass of drawings lay before him. Crayon sketches; pencil scraps; unfinished and finished water-colored drawings; rough caricatures in pen-and-ink, and in water-colors; faint indications of half-obliterated subjects; heads, profiles, chins, and noses; lithographed costumes, prints, etchings, illustrations torn out of books and newspapers; all flung together in bewildering confusion.

Mr. Thornton, seated at the table with his head bent over the papers before him, and with Eleanor standing at his shoulder, began steadily and deliberately to examine the contents of this purple portfolio.

He carefully scrutinized each drawing, however slight, however roughly done, however unpretentious. He looked also at the back of each drawing, sometimes finding a blank, sometimes finding a faint pencil indication of a rubbed-out sketch, or a rough outline in pen-and-ink.

For a long time he found nothing in which the utmost ingenuity could discover any relation to that period of Launcelot Darrell's existence which Eleanor believed to have been spent in Paris.

"Bellearius. Girl with basket of strawberries. Marie Antoinette. Headsman. Flower-girl. Oliver Cromwell refusing the crown. Oliver Cromwell denouncing Sir Harry Vane. Oliver Cromwell and his daughters. Fairfax,"—muttered Richard, as he looked over the sketches. "Didn't I tell you, Eleanor, that a man's sketch-book contains the record of his life? These Cromwell drawings are all dated in the same year. Nearly ten years ago; that is to say, when Mr. Darrell had very little knowledge of anatomy and a tremendous passion for republicanism. Further on we come to a pastoral strain, you see. The Water-mill Rose. There is a perpetual recurrence of Rose and the Water-mill; Rose in a bridal dress; the mill by moonlight; Rose in simple russet cloak; the mill in a thunder-storm; Rose sad; the mill at sunset; and the series bears date two years later, when the artist was desperately in love with a rustic beauty in this neighborhood. Now we lose sight of Rose, and come upon a Roman period; the artist goes to the grand old classic. The Roman period lasts a very short time. Note: we are in London; yes, we are up to our eyes in student life in the metropolis. Here are sketches of artist existence in Clipstone Street and the purlieus of Fitzroy Square. Here is the Haymarket by Night. An apparition. Lady Clara Vere de Vere. Lady Clara at the flower show—at Hyde Park—at a concert—she! the artist in love again; and this time the beauty is high-born and unapproachable. Here are pen-and-ink hints at contemplated suicide; a young man lying on a pallet bed, an empty bottle on the floor, labelled Prussic Acid; another young man leaning over the parapet of Waterloo Bridge on a moonlight night, with St. Paul's in the background. Yes, there have been violent love and despair, and a wild yearning for death, and that generally manlike and unpleasant state of mind which is the common result of illness and strong liquors. Stop!" cried Richard Thornton, suddenly, "there all wrong here."

"What do you mean?" asked Eleanor. She had watched the young man's examination of the drawings with eager interest, with ever-increasing impatience, in her desire to come to something that should be evidence against Launcelot Darrell.

"What do you mean?" she said, and then she added impatiently: "How slow you are, Dick! What do I want to know of this man except the one proof that will identify him with that man upon the Boulevard?"

"I'm afraid we've been making a mistake all this time," Richard said, in rather a despondent tone. "I'm afraid these sketches must have been done by some companion of Mr. Darrell's. I'm afraid they're none of them his."

"Not his? But why—why not?"

"Because the first lot, the Cromwells and the Roses, are all signed with a flourishing autograph—'Launcelot Darrell, pinxt,' in full as if the young man were rather proud of his name."

"Yes, yes; but what then?"

"The London life sketches, the Lady Claras and the suicides, which are much better than the first lot, though I should have thought they had been by the same man, are all signed with a monogram."

"Monogram?"

"Yes, of two initials. I've been trying to make them out for ever so long, and I've only just succeeded. The two letters are R. L."

Richard Thornton felt Eleanor's hand, which had been resting lightly upon the back of his chair, tighten suddenly upon the rosewood scrollwork, he heard her breath grow quicker, and when he turned his head he saw that she was deadly pale.

"It is coming home to him, Richard," she said. "The man who cheated my father called himself 'Robert Lan—' Part of the name was torn away in my father's letter, but the initials of that false name are R. L. Go on, Dick; go on quickly, for pity's sake; we shall find something more presently."

Eleanor Monckton had spoken in a whisper, but at this moment the scene-painter laid his hand upon her wrist and reminded her by a gesture of the need of caution. But Mr. Darrell, and the two ladies at the other end of the roomy studio, were in no manner observant of anything that might be going on in the curtained recess of the window. Laura was talking, and her lover was laughing at her, half pleased, half amused, by her childish frivolity.

Richard Thornton turned over a heap of sketches without speaking.

But presently he came upon a water-color drawing of a long lamplit street, crowded with figures in grotesque costumes, and with masks upon their faces.

"We have crossed the Channel, Eleanor," he said. "Here is Paris in Carnival time, and here is the assumed name, too, in full,—'Robert Lance, March 2nd, '53.' Be quiet, Eleanor, be calm, for Heaven's sake. The man is guilty; I believe that now, as fully as you do; but we have to bring his guilt home to him."

"Keep that sketch, Richard," whispered the girl, "keep it. It is the proof of his false name. It is the proof that he was in Paris when he was believed to be in India. It is the proof that he was in Paris a few months before my father's death."

The scene-painter folded the tumbled sheet of drawing-paper and thrust it into the breast pocket of his loose coat.

"Go on, Richard; go on," said Eleanor; "there may be something more than this."

The young man obeyed his eager companion; one by one he looked at the pen-and-ink sketches, the crayon drawings, the unfinished scraps in India ink or water color.

They all bore evidence of a life in Paris and its neighborhood. Now a *debardeur* hanging on the arm of a student; now a grisette drinking *limonade gazeuse* with an artisan beyond the barrier; a funeral train entering the gates of Pere la Chaise; a showman on the Boulevard; a group of Zouaves; a bit of landscape in the forest of Saint Germain, with equestrian figures beneath an arch of foliage; a scene in the Champs Elysees.

And at last, a rough pencil sketch of a group in a small chamber at a *cafe*; an old man seated at a lamplit table playing *cards* with a man whose face was hidden; an aristocratic-looking, shabby, gaunt old man, whose nervous fingers seemed to clutch rest-

lonely at a little pile of Napoleons on the table before him.

There was a third figure: the figure of a smartly dressed Frenchman standing behind the old man's chair; and in this wanton of the game Hector recognized the man who had persuaded her father to leave her on the Boulevard, the companion of the paltry Englishman.

The sketch was dated August 12, 1850; the very day on which Richard Thornton had recognized the dead man in the ghastly chamber of the Morgue. On the back of the drawing were written these words, "Sketch for finished picture to be called 'The last to the Napoleons'"—Robert Lance."

The likeness of the principal figure to George Vane was unmistakable. The man who had been heartless enough to cheat his kinsman's friend, had made this record of the scene of his cruelty, but had not been so callous as to carry out his design after the suicide of his victim. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN EXPERIENCE.

BY ELIZA SPROAT RANDOLPH.

A common spring of water, sudden welling,
Unheralded, from some unseen impelling,
Unrecognised, began his life alone.
A rare and haughty vine looked down above him,
Unclasped her climbing glory, stooped to love him,
And wreathed herself about his curb of stone.

Ah, happy fount! content in upward smiling
To feel no life but in her fond beguiling,
To see no world but through her vale of green!
And happy vine! secure, in downward gazing,
To find one theme his heart forever praising—
The crystal cup a throne, and she the queen!

I speak. I grew about him, ever dearer;
The water rose to meet me, ever nearer;
The water passed one day this curb of stone.
Was it a weak escape from righteous boundings,
Or yet a righteous scorn of false surroundings?
I only know I live my life alone!

Alone? The smiling fountain seems to chide me—
The constant fountain, rooted still beside me,
And speaking wistful words I toil to hear;
Ah, how alone! The mystic words confound me;
And still the awakened fountain yearns beyond me,
Streaming to some unknown I may not near.

"Oh, list," he cries, "the wondrous voices calling!
I hear a hundred streams in silver falling;
I feel the far-off pulses of the sea.
Oh, come!" Then all my length beside him facing,
I strive and strain for growth, and soon, despairing,
I pause and wonder where the wrong can be.

Were we not equal? Nay, I stooped from climbing,
To his obscure, to list the golden chiming,
So low to all the world, so plain to me.
Now, 'twere some broad fair streamlet, onward tending,
Should mate with him, and both, serenely blending,
Move in a grand accordance to the sea.

I tend not so: I hear no voices calling;
I have no care for rivers silver falling;
I hate the far-off sea that wrought my pain.
Oh, for some spell of change, my life new-aiming!
Or, best, by spells his too much life reclaiming,
Hold all within the fountain-curb again.

THE FEDERAL SPY.

It was at the beginning of the present civil war, several of whose early battles were fought in Missouri; nearly all the young Germans in St. Louis who could carry a musket and were not bound to remain in the town had enlisted in the volunteer regiments, in order to oppose the desire of the Governor to sever the state from the Union. The adherence of Missouri to the North was for the German element in the state not only a political but a vital question; in addition, business was at such a stand still, there was such a lack of money and work, that many took to soldiering, in order at least to make certain of a livelihood. Still the entire force with which General Lyon undertook his first expedition into the interior of the state, hardly exceeded seven thousand men, of whom only the officers were uniforms, but the exercise had been learned wonderfully quick under the pressure of circumstances. I had the good fortune to be elected lieutenant, and confirmed by government, but soon after the general took me on his staff, principally because I was a ready writer.

It was an oppressively warm evening, and the main corps of our small army was encamped in front of a wooded hill, waiting for Colonel Sigel to join us with a still smaller corps. We had but very undecided news about the enemy: we knew that the Governor had summoned the entire male population in these parts under arms, and led them to join the force of the rebels; but how far off this force might be, or what its strength was, were questions which we had been unable to answer, in spite of all the information we had collected. The entire district in which we now were was attached to the Confederation. Usually, when we approached a farm, we did not see a single white face, but merely grinning negroes, who stared at us with amazement; but whenever we got hold of an American on a farmer's wife, we had found nothing but an extremely entire ignorance about our opponents: for a long time past no one had seen or heard anything of them, and even the blacks, who were at length induced to speak, seemed to have a thorough understanding with their masters.

I was lying in front of the general's tent on the grass, enjoying the light cool breeze which blew on us from the mountains, and listening to the songs which echoed from amid the encamped troops. We had entire singing clubs among us, who, in spite of the fatigue of the march, allowed no evening to pass without singing splendid quartets. There was one song to a march tune, written expressly for the Missouri volunteers, which specially attracted me, and which deserved to become the Marseillaise of the Germans in the commencing struggle.

When the last sounds of this song died out on this evening, I was, as usual, so excited by it that I should have liked to risk my life in some heroic deed, careless of the danger. At this moment the entrance of the tent was opened, and the general stepped out, with a sharp glance around him. I was on my feet in a second, and he gave a pleased nod on noticing me. "Let us step on one side for a moment, Reuter," he said to me, and pushed back his gray bushy hair—a movement I had constantly noticed when any grave thoughts occupied him; "I should like to speak a couple of words with you." He walked in front of me out of the camp, until we stood half way between it and our pickets, looked sharply around the landscape, which was brightly illumined by the moon, and then began, in a cautiously suppressed voice:

"I have received some vague information about the present position of General Price, but am still utterly in the dark as to the strength and nature of his force. The ground is growing difficult, demands the utmost caution, and, if we have to fight a superior force, which has been, besides, recruited from the best strength of the counties, our young fellows, in spite of their bravery, may suffer a defeat, which must have a most deleterious effect on the whole state at the present moment. Everything depends on my obtaining an accurate report of the strength and position of the Confederates. Do you know any one among our people who will expose himself to the risk, but, at the same time, speaks English so fluently, and is so well acquainted with the state of affairs, that he can pass as a settler of many years' standing in these parts?"

He uttered the last sentence more slowly, but his flashing eye was fixed so inquiringly on me, that I at once knew what he intended by his question, though I did not for a moment hesitate to satisfy his expectations:

"If you consider it necessary that I should go, general, you have only to give the order," I replied.

My explanation seemed to be almost too quick for him, for he looked at me as if undecided, as he passed his hand through his hair.

"I confess that I certainly thought of you," he at last said, slowly. "It is an enterprise, on the success of which the fate of all of us probably depends; still, Reuter, I must say one thing to you, if you are detected, you will not be treated as a prisoner of war, or shot, but be dishonorably hanged."

I may possibly have turned pale on hearing this, for he turned away with a painful frown.

"I am aware that few would undertake this duty," he muttered. "The strictest secrecy is the first requirement, and I dare not confide in many—"

"I will go, general," I interrupted him. I had quickly overcome the sudden attack of moral weakness which had taken possession of me. "If I am hanged, I know why I have sacrificed myself, and you will defend my honor. However, I have to be caught first. Give me your instructions, general."

He looked at me, as if wishing to test my seriousness; then he offered me his hand, and pressed mine heartily.

"Come into my tent," he said, shortly, and walked back ahead of me.

Half an hour later, dressed like a true farmer's boy, and escorted through our lines by the general himself, I was proceeding towards the narrow road that ran into the wooded hills. Over my shoulder hung a canvas bag, containing two live hens and a dozen eggs. To the present day I do not know whence the clothes I wore were obtained: they lay waiting for me in the tent; but the hens and eggs were stock laboriously collected by the general's German servant to improve his scanty dinners, and I shall not easily forget the look poor Fred gave when he was ordered by the general to place his *spolia opima* in my sack. When the special history of the present war comes to be written, a memorial is certain for this German lad. When, a few weeks later, General Lyon fell in the field as a glorious example for his troops, he sank, with the cry, "Fred, I am going up!" into the arms of this faithful fellow, who never left his side, and drew his last breath on his bosom.

I turned into the path that led into the hills, as I said, and thought over the part which was allotted to me. I must give myself out as an enthusiastic secessionist, who was making a long journey in order to offer the rebel general a little fresh fire. That I, as a young and powerful man, would not be let go again, but forced to enlist, was natural: hence it would be best for me to announce myself at once as a volunteer, and try to escape again during the night.

Although darkness had already set in, it could not be more than eight o'clock, and if the news the general had received was trustworthy, I must reach the enemy's encamping-ground long before ten o'clock. The farther I went the clearer the night became. The wood often fell back on both sides for a long distance, and left space for cultivation. Here and there a farm-house emerged from the gloom, fireflies glistened all around me, but the warm air produced such an enfeebling effect on my nerves that I should have certainly fallen into a half-waking dream had not the consciousness of my dangerous enterprise aroused me with a jerk.

According to my watch I had been walking for a good hour: the country was more open, and now the path turned into a high road, on whose side the grass had been trodden down for many yards wide and trampled. Now I knew that I was on the right track. Cavalry had passed here, an arm of which our small army was almost ignorant, and it was only the thought of our artillery, which was served by veteran gunners, that removed the unpleasant feeling produced in me by this superiority on the part of the foe. I went on as if anxious only to reach my journey's end, for I might meet some one at any moment, in which case my external demeanor would be of great consequence. In a few minutes the wood entirely retired, and a brick house, surrounded by densely foliaged fruit-trees, a garden, with a neat paling and a wide extent of enclosed fields, became visible. A wooden piazza seemed to run round the house, and an open window could be distinguished between the broad-leaved creepers which had clambered up the gable end. In the midst of the verdure and silence it looked like an image of peace, so that I almost began to doubt the vicinity of the secessionists, tales about whose cruelty were current in our camp. I had involuntarily halted: at the same moment, however, a voice shouted to me no great distance off:

"Stop, my fine fellow; I should like to know whither you are bound."

At the same moment one of those powerful young men, who may be so often met in the interior of the land, leaped over the fence, with a rifle on his shoulder. I saw that the time had arrived to begin playing my part.

"Have you any business in camp?" he at length asked, with a look full of mistrust. "We hear that the Germans are only six miles from here."

"I know it, sir," I nodded, as calmly as possible. "I even saw their outposts, but got out of their way, so as not to be examined."

"It seems to me, though, in spite of your fluent English, as if you were a German yourself," he replied, with a sharp glance.

"There may be something of the sort about my accent," I replied, long prepared for the remark. "My grand-parents were German, and my mother could be recognized for German up to her death. But all that has nothing to do with the matter. I was born in Laclede county, and wish that all the Republicans, Germans, Irish, or Americans, may go to the devil—that is all."

"And probably you now wish to join the Governor's troops?" he asked, with a cunning smile.

"That is the fact, sir," I replied, with decision, "if there is a gun left for me. I have brought with me all that was left on the farm—two fowls and a dozen eggs—for the Governor or general; others may have done more, but I have nothing better to offer."

He still looked at me dubiously.

"Well, sir," the descendants of Germans have generally very little talent for lying," he at length said, slowly. "There are many of them hereabout who are true friends of the South, and so I will believe you. In any case we are going the same road, and as I have examined you here, it will save you much talking on our arrival."

He threw his rifle over his shoulder, signed to me to follow, and then walked on by my side. I, however, regarded this meeting as a lucky omen for the execution of my design. Half legitimatized by this man, any special suspicion could hardly fall on me, and if I managed matters with decent cleverness, my retreat during the course of the night would not be very difficult.

"The Governor seems to have plenty of cavalry with him," I commenced, after a short spell of silent marching, as if to begin a conversation, and pointed to the trampled grass.

"Perhaps you will like to know how many?" he said, with so peculiar an intonation that I turned round quickly and found myself once again face to face with my man.

"Why not, if you can tell me?" I replied, calmly. "Is the question not allowed?"

"You seem to me to wear too fine shirts for a farmer's lad from Laclede," he replied, pointing with a sharp, distrustful laugh to my left sleeve, under which my shirt-cuff was visible, and it required all my self-possession for the moment not to display any embarrassment. Still the consciousness with which I had set out, that I could only gain my object by a bold course of lying, soon restored my coolness.

"Do you know," I said to him, as I pulled up my coat-sleeve and quietly turned back my shirt-cuff, "that I was detained through your rascal counting, to take you for a German-American too? I was mistaken, I see, for otherwise you must have known that most of the old German immigrants into the state were members of the respectable classes, and gave their children and grandchildren the best education in their power. I myself attended the college of St. Louis, and if I happen to be wearing a good shirt now, it is because I am used to it. My clothes are bad, but I did not wish to run the risk of having better ones torn off my back. However, I have nothing to do with you, but only with the general or the Governor, to whom I am carrying my fowls and eggs."

I turned away with an angry movement and walked on, and my companion followed in silence.

"Well, sir," he said, after a while, "you may be right. I am myself of German origin."

"You say so, and that is sufficient," I replied, without checking my pace, "but I noticed nothing of it in your conduct to me."

From this moment we did not exchange another syllable, till at the expiration of about a quarter of an hour we reached a wide, treeless plateau, and saw the flashing of several fires at a short distance trembling faintly blended with the moonlight. Fifty paces further and a sturdy voice challenged us. "All right," my companion replied; and, with a sign to me to halt, walked up to the sentry, who had emerged from behind a bush. The couple only exchanged a few words, then I was summoned, and under the searching glance of the sentinel for Southern rights, who, in his ragged exterior, fully confirmed my previous notions, I followed my guide, who was rapidly advancing towards the fires. So soon as we were near enough to distinguish anything, all my senses passed into my eyes. I was able to survey the whole camp, and strove to form an idea of the probable strength of the foe; for, once inside the lines, I should probably find no opportunity of making an estimate, through fear of asking dangerous questions.

On my left I could plainly see between the camp-fires the lines of horses, whose neighing reached our ears, and all the arrangements taught me that the chief command was in thoroughly practised hands. The camp was considerably larger than ours, and a wild buzzing rose from it. I also noticed heavy guns flashing in the firelight—two pieces, however, were all I could discover, in spite of the most careful search, and in the anxiety to obtain a certainty as to the strength of this arm, I turned to my companion:

"A couple more of those grumblers, sir, would do no harm."

He quickly turned towards me with a frown.

"Such remarks may injure you, sir; you have a remarkably sharp eye for a peaceable farmer."

A loud "Hilloh, Charley, whom have we here?" at our rear, stopped my replying, and the next moment we were surrounded by five or six armed men, probably returning from a patrol; their leader, however—one of those vagabonds who are at home at the Mississippi landing in St. Louis, and who was only distinguished from the rest by having a firelock—laid his broad, bony hand on my shoulder. I felt an irresistible impulse to loose his grasp, but overcame the feeling in time.

"I am not quite clear myself," my hitherto companion replied, while his face, however, displayed a slight dissatisfaction at the familiarity of the other fellow. "He says he comes from Laclede county, and has fowls and eggs for the Governor, or general, in his sack."

"Hilloh, hilloh, eggs and fowls!" the patrol leader suddenly laughed, in the coarse fashion of his breed, while his hand clutched my shoulder more tightly. "I say, Charley, this child is suspicious, otherwise he must know that the faithful Missourians let their Governor and general suffer no want of such dainties, while the army it is true, must eat rusty bacon and rotten salt pork. I propose that we examine him thoroughly here; give him what he deserves, and take what he has about him to pay the costs of the court-martial."

"I think otherwise, sir, and must request you to be good enough to set the man at liberty," my companion said to the patrol leader with a flushed face. "He has come voluntarily to our camp, trusted to my protection, wishes to enter our ranks, and no one shall say that any improper violence has been done him among us. General Price shall himself settle about the man."

An ugly scowl settled about the mouth of the first speaker.

"Oh! you have just come from a good supper at your own house," he said; "but if I consider the man suspicious, I trust that you will have nothing to say against it. I think I have seen his face somewhere, and not in Laclede county. Take care that you do not draw suspicion on yourself, Mr. Werner."

The speaker laid so marked a stress on the German name, that it was at once clear to me that this was sufficient to weaken perfect confidence among the secessionists; at the same time, however, I also guessed that the bearer of this name belonged to the house which had so struck me by the cleanliness and order of its belongings.

"Well, sir," I said with decision, preventing the answer of my companion, "I will find my way to the general, even though you may take my hens and gherkins; but then we shall know what there is to expect who comes into camp with the best will. I am of German descent too, sir. My name is Reuter, and if you want to know anything more, I have a couple of strong fists which can defend their owner. I suppose all present do not want to play the thief with me."

At the same moment, by a strong jerk, I liberated myself from his grasp, and stood opposite to him with clenched fists. I knew that people of this stamp must be addressed in their own language if you wish to get anything from them, and that giving way only heightens their cowardly brutality; but in this instance I appeared to have made a mistake.

"Who do you call thief?" the man yelled, as he raised his musket to his cheek. At the same moment, however, my companion struck up the gun, while two men of the patrol sprang towards me in hostile manner.

"Boy, Hector, stop! his name to be a worthy fellow. The general might hear a cry to shoot with us, as it is, shoot the devil," I heard several fellows mutter. And Stevens lowered his firelock with a poisonous glance.

"Very well, he can come with us into the camp," he said, after a short visible struggle with himself; "but I'll be hanged if I do not know the face, and the Lord have mercy on him if all is not right with him."

He gave his men a sharp order to take me between them, and we started for camp by a quick march. Within scarce five minutes the groups round the nearest camp-fire were clearly perceptible, and I honestly confess that my heart began to beat more impetuously at the earnestness of the danger which now rose distinctly before me. Card playing and swearing, with here and there a funny fellow who imitated a nigger, seemed to offer the sole amusement, and it was not till we reached the centre of the camp that the noise began to lull. Here I saw the uniform of several regular militia companies to which only full-blooded Americans belonged; then came a wide open space, in the middle of which a camp-fire blazed, and twenty yards from it a halt was commanded, while the leader of the patrol and my first guide walked towards the fire.

I had perfect time to arrange my ideas. We were certainly in the vicinity of one of the general officers, and my difficulties were really about to begin; but how, even if I remained unsuspected, I was to escape unnoticed from the mob appeared to me for the moment inexplicable, while it would be utterly impossible, should I become an object of suspicion, to which Stevens seemed much inclined. Still, I had not much time allowed me for useless reflections. Stevens returned, and ordered me to follow him, with a sulky look. An officer in handsome attire, with several aides, was now standing before the fire; behind it orderlies of the St. Louis militia were walking about—but the gentleman awaiting my arrival was not General Price.

My examiner was a thorough southerner, with pale face, dark hair and beard, and black flashing eyes, which were fixed on me as I approached as if they wished to penetrate to my very soul.

"What has brought you into camp, sir?" he asked, sharply.

"The same thing that may have brought others, sir," I replied, giving my voice all possible firmness. "I took the last fowls and eggs from our farm to bring them to the general, and to ask whether there is a musket to spare for me."

"You say that you come from Laclede county?" was the second query.

"Yes, sir, not far from Oakland."

"And what have you to say to the contrary?" the examiner turned to Stevens; "the affair seems to be quite simple."

"I have only to say, colonel," Stevens replied, while a hateful smile played round his lips, "that a man can easily give himself out for what he pleases; but I know his face from St. Louis, though I do not remember exactly who he is; that the man is a German, and that I, therefore, suspect he does not come from Laclede county, but from General Lyons, confound his soul."

A quick, dark glance was darted at me by the officer.

"You have heard, sir?"

Though I felt most uncomfortable in my mind, I mustered up enough courage to shrug my shoulders contemptuously.

"I think, sir, I know this man's face, or, at least, some very like it, belonging to the fellows called Levee Rats at St. Louis—I was at college there—and that I am not mistaken is proved by the fact that this man proposed to his patrol to plunder me of all I had before entering the camp, and get rid of me in some way or other."

"I can confirm the last statement, colonel, although I am not disposed to be answerable for this person in any way," my first companion now said, who had been standing in the shade aside from the fire; and, after a quick glance at the speaker, the officer looked at my accuser with a peculiar expression of disgust. I saw how he despised the wretched fellows employed to regain the so-called Southern rights, and, at the same time, saw that my cause was gained for the moment.

"Have you any answer to make to this charge?" he asked shortly, as if he repelled every supposition with scorn; and when Stevens only replied with a sullen glance at me, he turned to the assembled officers:

"I see no reason for further suspicion, let the man deliver what he has for the general, and then place him in the reserve with the new recruits." Then he gave me a hasty nod. "If your statements are correct, you deserve them, I think you may expect promotion; if not, you may be sure that you will have a ticket to paradise from the first wrong step."

He walked to the other side of the fire, I gave my fowls and eggs up, and then, to my great relief, was led to the entrance and of the camp, where, it is true, the first lines of infantry or cavalry were not to be seen, but which the outposts of the enemy were. I knew what was to be done now. I counted a few paces quite unheard any danger, and then, with a voice directed to the enemy, and a strong wind helped up from the quarter of the foe, I cried:

"Reuter, old fellow, what has become of the cheer-meeting the general and what, by Jingo, is the meaning of the masquerade? Has the lieutenant-country halted from his country, man to enlist under the right flag?"

At the first words my heart felt as if it were standing still, but when I heard Stevens's voice a short distance behind me, a perfect horror seized upon me. In the last year I had been engaged in one of the large mercantile firms of St. Louis, where Stevens, who, like most of his sort, probably gained a livelihood as porter on the quay, had often seen me. The young man, though, who had addressed me, had been sent to a neighboring farm, knew me well, and had, like myself, on the occasion of all trade, taken up a musket, though I was on the side of the Union; and he on that of the rebels. My deception must now be revealed, and the former friend had, although involuntarily, handed me over to the rope. I saw his features assume an expression of surprise on noticing my face, which must have turned ashen white, and also heard the officer accompanying me say, in no peculiar a tone that it pierced my heart, "Oh, Jim, so you know the gentleman." But I had only one thought, that behind the nearest trees was freedom, and that scarce two hundred paces from us a sharp forest spur jutted into the plain. At the same time I knew that I must not hesitate a moment in acting, for if I hoped to save myself, it must be effected by surprise, and I should have a run for life. If I were shot down I should still escape the rope. Hence the officer had hardly finished his sentence ere I bounded out of the throng, and ran between the squatting soldiers straight out into the plain.

I flew like a startled deer towards the forest, and for two seconds everything remained quiet behind me. Then, however, they shouted all the more wildly, "A spy! stop the spy!" I distinctly recognized the rough, hoarse voice of Stevens. "Stop the spy!" twenty voices repeated after him. At this moment a man suddenly rose before me; it was one of the chain of pickets, but I ran him down ere he could understand the matter; a bullet pinged behind me, a second and a third followed it, but I felt myself unwounded, and flew onward. Had not there been only raw recruits behind me, and mostly unarmed, a worse lot would assuredly have befallen me. Still I felt that the whole camp was alarmed, saw Stevens dogging my heels like a bloodhound, and knew that even the wood would not save me from my pursuers, unless some fortunate accident intervened in my favor. In this way, without daring to take a single back glance, I reached the trees, which at least secured me against further shots, but a sudden disappointment relaxed all my muscles. What I had taken in the moonshine for a wooded spur was only a clump of bushes of small circumference, and I could see the open, bare plateau when I had forced my way through the copse and reached the last trees. A short distance behind me I heard loud yells; every moment's delay must hand me over to my pursuers, but in the midst of all the confusion I thought with marvellous clearness, and I soon made up my mind while continuing my flight at the top of my speed. On the right lay the road along which I had come, and which I must reach again, if I did not wish to get into an utterly unknown country. The bushes must for a while conceal the altered direction of my flight, and even should it be discovered, I had at any rate equally swift feet and just as enduring lungs as any of my enemies. I had not gone a hundred yards, however, when loud shouts behind me announced that I was discovered on the bare, moonlit plain. My road might have been cut off here from the camp, and I took a hurried, timid glance in the direction, but as no trace of new pursuers was visible here, I prepared myself for the long race which must now infallibly ensue, and the possibility which rose before me of being able to escape after all poured perfectly fresh life into my veins.

From this moment I only know that I reached my former road, and followed it as if held by magnetic force, at a pace which soon made me feel as if my chest were bursting; common sense should have urged me to gain the wood lying on the side, but an irresistible impulse drove me onwards towards the camp of my German comrades; at the same time I fancied that I could not be at all far from the point at which the wood rejoined the road, and would offer me a covering without the necessity of a flank

movement, but I already began to feel that I must stop to draw fresh breath, and my eyes, over which a thick mist was beginning to settle, could nowhere discover the house. Just as I was thinking of taking a compulsory short rest, the house came almost down to my ear which aroused a feeling of desperation in me—the sound of galloping horsemen. My pursuers had given up following me on foot, but knew only too well that with horses they must catch me up in the open. Perhaps I should still have been able to reach the wood had my strength been fresh; but I was utterly exhausted, and for a moment asked myself whether it would not be best to let myself be captured rather than by the approaching horses, and then escape all the torture which would result me from the moment of capture up to that of hanging.

At this moment something gleamed in the distance ahead of me; my eye turned in the direction mechanically, but soon became fixed on a well-known object—some two hundred yards from me stood the house with its enclosures, which had attracted my attention on my outward journey—the home of my countryman Werner, who was now probably one of my most eager pursuers, but for all that my sole hope, if I would not surrender unresistingly to the foes whose approach became with each minute more audible. The orchard was densely foliaged, but it must be the first place searched, so soon as I disappeared from the sight of my pursuers, hence I rejected the choice of this hiding-place. All at once I noticed the open window, almost concealed by creepers, which seemed to me like a sanctuary. According to appearances, it opened from a pleasure or some unused room; the pleasure, on which it looked out, could be easily scaled, and in the house itself they were least likely to seek me.

So soon as I reached the first fence I clambered over it in order to conceal myself as far as possible. I reached the house, slipped between the fruit-trees, and a glance told me that the window was still open. At the same time, however, the loud shout of one of my pursuers sounded so close to me in the road that I scarce hoped to have time to climb up the pleasure, but an answer from a distance showed me that my pursuers were in doubt as to the road they should follow. Once again a little strength returned to my muscles, which enabled me to reach one of the short columns of the pleasure, but when I had forced my way through the narrow orifice offered by the window, I felt that my senses were leaving me, and, unable to keep up, I fell on my knees.

But a clear, stern, girlish voice suddenly aroused me from my semi-insensibility.

"Who's there?" I heard; "answer quickly, or I fire."

Now I saw for the first time by the moonbeams that I had entered a room in the background of which a white form was sitting up in bed, and pointing a revolver at me with the utmost determination.

"For Heaven's sake, miss, if you do not wish to let a man be murdered in cold blood, silence," I exclaimed; at this moment only thinking of my own pressing danger. "I have fallen among the secessionists; they take me for a spy, and if you give me up I shall be a dead man in half an hour."

Her weapon sank before my breathless speech and worn appearance, and I saw, though as through a veil, her large eyes sharply fixed on me.

"Who are you? But tell the truth at all hazards," she said, in a suppressed voice, which, however, lost none of its peculiar inflection.

I had no reason for concealing anything that was already known in the rebel camp; but I revelled in the thought of surrendering unconditionally to this girl, who, under the pressure of circumstances, did not seem to notice her peculiar situation with a young man.

"I am a Federal officer," I replied, without any hesitation. "I know that an inhabitant of thishouse has joined General Price; but if there be human blood in your veins, as I conjecture, I know that you will not surrender a worn-out fugitive to his foes and a disgraceful death."

I had uttered the last words hurriedly, for I heard heavy footsteps cracking the dry branches in the orchard I had just left. I had scarce ended, when a man began speaking outside, and I recognised Stevens's peculiar organ.

"Either the earth has swallowed him up, or he has climbed through that window—there is no hole here to hide him."

"We shall soon know how matters are," another voice said; "two men here to watch the window and back part of the house, two to keep the door, and we will fetch the fox out of his earth, if he is in it."

Two minutes later heavy blows were dealt the house door, and the girl raised her arm with a gentle movement. "In there, sir," she cried, pointing to a small side door; "lie down on the ground, cover yourself with anything you may find, and do not stir till I myself fetch you *out* of your hiding-place."

I did not wait for the order to be repeated; certain that she had the best wish to save me, I opened the door of the closet, which seemed to be the lady's wardrobe. I stumbled against a large chest, behind which the sloping roof formed a cavity: into this I crept, and might consider myself safe if no search was made in my hiding place. But I, on hearing my pursuers on the ground floor angrily talking with a man, who had evidently opened the house door to them, and soon after the heavy footsteps of several persons were audible on the stairs. They stopped before the door of the girl's bedroom, and there was a deep silence. Then came a cautious tapping, and some one said, "Maggy! Maggy!"

"What is it, father—what means the noise in the house?" the girl asked, in perfect calmness.

"Maggy, you must open the door for a few minutes; a German spy is said to have sought shelter in your room, and the gentlemen, who are following him, insist on searching."

"Father, I am in bed, but for the last hour awake, and know there is no one in my room except myself. Tell them that, and they will not think of extending their search to a young lady's bedroom."

A loud murmuring reached my ears, and then the father said, more decidedly than before:

"It is of no use, Maggy; we are living in war times; throw something over you quickly, and be assured that all possible gentleness will be shown you."

"A minute's patience, then, if it must be," cried Maggy; and I heard her foot gently touch the floor. Soon after, the door-bolt was drawn back, but at the same time she cried, "two seconds and then you can enter."

She hurried to my hiding-place, leaving the door of it wide open, and asked in a whisper, "Where are you?"

"Here," I replied. And the next instant she was seated on the chest, completely concealing the hole where I lay with her petticoats; at the same time, however, the room door was burst open, and I could notice a bright jet of light.

"Maggy!" exclaimed the father, who was probably looking round for her in vain.

"I am here, father, but cannot show myself in this state, and expect the gentle treatment promised me; indeed, this appears to me a mode of behavior quite unusual with gentlemen."

There was no reply to this, and I could only conjecture, from the sounds and oaths that reached my ear, that my pursuers were in doubt as to the road they should follow. Once again a little strength returned to my muscles, which enabled me to reach one of the short columns of the pleasure, but when I had forced my way through the narrow orifice offered by the window, I felt that my senses were leaving me, and, unable to keep up, I fell on my knees.

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BOMBARDING A BALLOON.

The "professor" landed me at three o'clock, when I found the canvas straining its bands and emitting a hollow sound as of escaping gas. The ballast was made fast directly, the telescopes tossed into place; the professor climbed up to the side, holding by the network, and I coiled up in a rope at the bottom.

"Stand by your cables!" he said, and the bags of ballast were at once cut away. Twelve men took each a rope in hand and payed out slowly, letting us glide gently upward. The earth seemed to be falling away and we poised motionless in the blue ether. The tree-tops sank downward, the hills dropped noiselessly through space, and directly the Chickahominy was visible beyond us, winding like a ribbon of silver through the ridgy landscape.

Far and wide stretched the Federal camps. We saw faces turned upwards gazing at our ascent, and heard clearly, as in a vacuum, the voices of soldiers. At every second the prospect widened, the belt of horizon enlarged, remote farm-houses came in view: the earth was like a perfectly flat surface, painted with blue woods, and streaked with pictures of roads, fields, fences and streams. As we climbed higher the river seemed directly beneath us, the farms on the opposite bank were plainly discernible, and Richmond lay only a little way off, enthroned on its many hills, with the James streaking white and sinuous from its feet to the horizon. We could see the streets, the suburbs, the bridges, the outlaying roads, nay, the moving masses of people. The capitol sat white and colossal on Stockhoe Hill, the dingy buildings of the Tredegar works blackened the riverside above, the bowls of Rockets clustered at the hither limits, and one by one we made out familiar hotels, public edifices and vicinities. The fortifications were revealed in part only, for they took the hue of the soil and blended with it; but many camps were plainly discernible, and by means of the glasses we separated tent from tent and hut from hut. The Confederates were seen running to the cover of woods that we might not discover their number, but we know the location of their camp-fires by the smoke that curled towards us.

"Guess I got 'em now, just where I want 'em," said Professor Lowe, with a laugh, "just keep still as you mind to, and squint your eye through my glass, while I make a sketch of the roads and the country. Hold hard there and anchor fast!" he screamed to the people below. Then he fell imperturbably to work, sweeping the country with his hawk eye, and escaping nothing that could contribute to the completeness of his jotting.

We had been but a few minutes thus poised, when close below, from the edge of a timber stretch, puffed a volume of white smoke. A second afterwards the air quivered with the peal of a cannon. A third, and we heard a splitting shriek of a shell that passed a little to our left, but in exact range and burst beyond us in the ploughed field, heaving up the clay as it exploded.

"Ha," said Lowe, "they have got us foul. Haul in the cable—quick!" he shouted in a fierce tone.

At the same instant the puff, the report, and the shriek were repeated; but this time the shell burst to our right in mid-air and scattered fragments around and below us.

"Another shot will do our business," said Lowe between his teeth; "it isn't a mile and they have got the range."

Again the puff and the whizzing shock. I closed my eyes and held my breath hard. The explosion was so close, that the pieces of shell seemed driven across my face, and my ears quivered with the sound. I looked at Lowe to see if he was struck. He had sprung to his feet and clutched the cordage frantically.

"Are you pulling in there, ye men?" he bellowed, with a loud imprecation.

Puff! bang! whiz-z-z! splutter! broke a third shell, and my heart was wedged in my throat.

I saw at a glance the whole bright landscape again. I heard the voices of soldiers below, and saw them running across fields, fences, and ditches to reach our anchorage. I saw the waving of signal flags, the commotion through the camps—officers galloping their horses, teamsters whipping their mules, regiments turning out, drums beaten and batteries limbered up, I remarked, last of all, the sight of the battery that alarmed us, and by a strange sharpness of sight and sense, believed I saw the gunners swabbing, ramming, and aiming the pieces.

Puff! bang! whiz-z-z! splutter! crash!

"My God!" said Lowe, hissing the words slowly and terribly, "they have opened upon us from another battery!"

The scene seemed to dissolve. A cold dew broke from my forehead. I grew blind and deaf. I had fainted.

* * * * *

Pitch some water in his face," said somebody. "He ain't used to it. Hello! there he's come to."

I staggered to my feet. There must have been a thousand men about us. They were looking curiously at the aeronaut and me. The balloon lay fuming and struggling on the clods.

"Three cheers for the Union balloon!" called a little fellow at my side.

"Hip, hip—hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

"Tiger-s-s—yah! boop!"

The balloons were prominent features of the two terrible months ensuing, and during the battles of Hanover, Seven Pines, and the bloody sixty days' struggle before Richmond, they were invariably aloft. Lowe seldom made ascensions on windy days, but in the dead June calm of that almost tropical climate he had opportunities for numerous frequent reconnoissances. Mr. Pope, of the Popinjay, one day transcended his powers by publishing a minute description of the Federal position so soon from the enemy's point, and the commanding general forbade the balloon to correspondents thereafter. But we were obliged to receive the news from the lips of the "professor," and Pope, by no more imagination than old Job Pendexter, fell sadly short in his reports. Some of us were not so dismayed, and the correspondent of the Howitzer, having a lively fancy professed to have looked into the Gulf of Mexico, and solved the mystery of the whereabouts of Beauregard.—*St. James's Magazine.*

THE CONCEPT OF USELESSNESS.—We cannot say—and in truth it is a ticklish question to ask of those who are best qualified to give an answer—if there really be not a comfort in substantial ugliness; in sightliness that, unchanged, will last a man his life, a good granite face in which there shall be no wear and tear? A man so appointed is saved many alarms, many spasms of pain. Time cannot wound his vanity through his features; he eats, drinks, and is merry, in despite of mirrors. No acquaintance shall at sudden alteration—hinting, in such surprise, decay, and the final tomb. He grows older with no former intimates—cannot yard voices—crying, "How you're altered!" How many a man might have been a fine husband, a better father, firmer friend, more valuable citizen, had he, when arrived at legal maturity, cut off—say, an inch of his nose?

☞ The rebel Gen. Early, who levied a contribution on the town of York, Pa., is the renegade son of a Pennsylvania shoemaker.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST who may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECIPES, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

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To any one sending thirty subscriptions and $60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for $45. The machine will be selected now at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other at the regular terms of $2.00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. The subscribers may be obtained at different Post-offices.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money ($60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis.

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No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

☞ In anticipation of the universal longevity promised to mankind by the great physical reformer, Dr. Dio Lewis, would it not be neat and appropriate to speak of that gentleman, henceforth, as Dr. Never-say-die-O Lewis?

SHOW THEM.

WHEN rogued to Lee's escape, it is said that Gen. Grant held a council of war one Saturday and Sunday, consisting of his corps commanders, when the question of attack was freely discussed. All the Generals assembled were in favor of an immediate attack, except Gens. Sedgwick, Wright and Ord, who opposed Gen. Meade, but were in favor of active operations; but finding his corps commanders equally divided, he hesitated to give the order, and the rebel army was allowed to make its escape. It was a mistake.

HELP FOR DRAFTED MEN.—The Governor of Rhode Island has issued a proclamation recommending all the cities and towns to make immediate provision for the support of the families of the men drafted from that state. All the other states should do the same.

DEATH OF THE FATHER OF HOMŒOPATHY.—The death of Count S. C. S. M. Del Gelsi is reported at Lyons. The Count was in his ninety-fourth year, and was the father of homœopathy, having in 1833 converted Hahnemann from allopathy. Count Del Gelsi had previously been a Neapolitan consetrator against Queen Caroline, (in 1799,) a prisoner, exile, professor of mathematics, Inspector of the University of Grenoble, a doctor of medicine, and, finally, of anti-medicine, and has died a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.—*Gallignani.*

FORT POWHATAN, on the James river, was captured with very little resistance on the part of its garrison. It was taken by six gunboats and two monitors. During the engagement the monitor Lehigh burst one of her 15-inch guns. The gunboats will now try Fort Darling.

Or the fact that Fort Sumpter was on the point of surrendering when the monitors were called out of action, we know that the President and Secretary of the Navy have most convincing proof. They have letters from those who saw the holes through the walls, from those who walked through the breaches, and from those who, being in Charleston, gave the assurance that a "*cart and horse could be driven through them.*"—*Baltimore American.*

JOHN BURNS, over 70 years of age, a resident of Gettysburg, fought throughout the battle of the first day, and was wounded no less than five times—the last shot taking effect in his ankle, wounding him severely. He came up to Colonel Wister, in the thickest of the fight, shook hands with him, and said he came to help. He was dressed in his best, consisting of a light blue swallow-tailed coat, with brass buttons, corduroy pantaloons and a stove-pipe hat of considerable height, all of ancient pattern, and doubtless an heir loom in his house. He was armed with a regulation musket. He loaded and fired unflinchingly until the last of his five wounds brought him down. He will recover. His little cottage was burned by the rebels. A purse of a hundred dollars has been sent to him from Germantown. Brave John Burns.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

A SUBSTITUTE OR $300 EXEMPTION.—The law which requires military service of the person drafted provides that he may furnish either a substitute to perform that duty for him, or pay $300, which will exempt him from performing it. The money so paid is being used to provide bounties for the persons who are willing to go into the army. As soon as the person drafted obtains a substitute, he presents a written notice to the Provost Marshal, setting forth the fact, and giving the name, age and residence of the party. He is also required to state whether he is an alien or a citizen of the United States. The substitute is then presented for examination, and, if he passes the surgeon, his descriptive list is made out, and, after being furnished with a complete outfit, he is sworn into the service. This relieves the party drafted from further liability under the conscription law *during the term for which he was drafted*, and he is presented with a certificate from the Board of Enrollment, setting forth that fact. The payment of $300 does not prevent the person from being subject to a second draft at any time.

Many persons are under the impression that six months' men are exempted from draft. This is not so; the law says, the six months' men in the United States service and the militia who have volunteered for the state service alone, are liable to draft. If drafted, they will receive credit for the time they may have served, or may yet serve, under their present engagement. They will continue on duty with the organizations to which they may belong at the time of draft, and, at the expiration of that service, will be assigned to three years' regiments for the completion of their term of service.

☞ A descendant of Montezuma, the last sovereign of Mexico, is living in Madrid, in the person of M. Antonio Marcilla, Count de Montezuma, gentleman of the bed-chamber to Queen Isabella.

☞ A HINT TO FAST YOUNG MEN.—People sometimes undertake to go ahead, and find they can't go a single foot.

☞ Let the patriot soldier remember the sublime words of Pompey the Great: "It is necessary for me to *go*—it is not necessary for me to *live*."

☞ "There's no place like home," says the poet. Right! unless it's the home of the young woman you're after. This is, of course, an exception. Future poets will please to note it.

☞ REVIVAL OF SMALL CLOTHES.—Fashionable intelligence from Paris states that the ball at the Hotel Talleyrand Segan, at which the highest Parisian aristocracy is to assemble, is much spoken of. It is positive that gentlemen will not be admitted except in coats and breeches of varied-colored silks. It will be a fete of the last century.

☞ "Class in the middle of geography, stand up. What is a pyramid?" "A pile of men in a circus, one on top of the other." "Where's Egypt?" "Where it always was." "Where's Wales?" "All over the sea." "Very well; stay there till I show you a species of birch that grows all over this country."

☞ Most men espouse a party as an Indian espouses a wife, not to serve it, but to make it serve them.

HOW A LOUISIANA LADY WAS CURED.

MRS. ——, was a pretty widow of twenty-eight, left rich by her husband, a respectable and wealthy farmer of P——, in the county of Oakland, who judiciously died at the age of fifty. P——, a sighing swain of twenty, fell in love with this charming widow during a school vacation, and was thereby distracted from study and nearly frantic. His father, who "designed him for the ministry," had a peculiar horror of the sweet widow, whom he regarded as little better than one of the wicked; her black eyes, her heaving bosom and elastic tread were to him only the symbols of old Nick. He was in despair; and in despair he visited the widow, and besought of her, if she had a particle of mercy, not to ruin his son. In vain the widow protested that she had used no arts,—had only seen the youth a few times, and was entirely indifferent to him; the father still insisted, and the pretty widow promised that if the boy came again to see her it should be his last visit. Not many days passed before the enamored youth made his arrangements for a visit, of which the widow had notice.

The previous interview between them took place under circumstances peculiarly favorable to romance and sentiment, upon moonlight walks or parlor tete-a-tetes. This time the timid youth was told upon his arrival that Mrs. —— was at the barn; whither he went, and found her, clad in jean, with skirts knee high, dressed in a man's boots, and covered with a man's hat, *a pipe in her mouth*, a mug of cider in her hand, superintending her men—KILLING HOGS. He never came again; it was too *killing*.—*Detroit Advertiser.*

JOHN BURNS, over 70 years of age, a resident of Gettysburg, fought throughout the battle of the first day, and was wounded no less than five times—the last shot taking effect in his ankle, wounding him severely. He came up to Colonel Wister, in the thickest of the fight, shook hands with him, and said he came to help. He was dressed in his best, consisting of a light blue swallow-tailed coat, with brass buttons, corduroy pantaloons and a stove-pipe hat of considerable height, all of ancient pattern, and doubtless an heir loom in his house. He was armed with a regulation musket. He loaded and fired unflinchingly until the last of his five wounds brought him down. He will recover. His little cottage was burned by the rebels. A purse of a hundred dollars has been sent to him from Germantown. Brave John Burns.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market continues dull. The sales of Flour comprise about 2000 bbls, mostly taken for shipment, at $4.50@5.75 for common and good superfine; $5.87½@6.12½ for extra do; $6.25@6.50 for fancy brands and choice extra family, chiefly at $6.25 for good Ohio, and $7@7.50 for fancy brands. The sales to the trade have been limited within the same range of prices, with high grades at from $6 to $6 ⅌ bbl, according to brand and quality. Rye Flour is dull and offered at $4.50@4.75 ⅌ bbl. Corn Meal is nearly but quiet at $4 for Pennsylvania, and $4.25 ⅌ bbl for Brandywine.

GRAIN.—The receipts of Wheat continue light but the demand has fallen off and prices are unsettled and fully 5c lower, with sales of about 30,000 bus, mostly Pennsylvania reds at $1.60@1.67, and white at $1.80 to $1.85. Rye is scarce, and Pennsylvania sells in a small way at $1.06@1.08. Corn has declined and the demand is limited, with sales of some 25,000 bus at 86@87c for yellow, and 81@83c for Western mixed, mostly of the latter, closing dull. Oats are rather better, and sales of 80,000 bus are reported at 76@80c, weight, the latter for light Oats, which are more wanted.

PROVISIONS.—Mess pork continue dull and unaffected, and the sales of Mess Pork limited at $11.50@12 for old and $14@14.50 for new. Beef is steady at $10@15 ⅌ bbl for Western and city Extra Mess. Bacon.—The demand is mostly confined to bagged Hams at 11½@12½c, the latter for fancy. Of green Meats the demand is only for Hams and Shoulders, with sales of the former in salt at 6@8½c and the latter at 5½@6½c. Sides are worth 6c. Lard is dull, and offered at 10¾@10½c for bbls and tcs, and 11½@11¾c for kegs. Butter is also dull at 14@20c, as in quality. Cheese is scarce at 11@12½c. Eggs are dull and lower, and selling at 19c ⅌ dozen.

COTTON.—The market is unsettled and drooping. A few small sales only are reported at 60@64c cash, for middlings and good middling quality, closing at 60@62c.

ASHES are unsettled and lower, and prices nearly nominal.

BARK.—The demand for Quercitron is very light, and prices have declined, with small sales of 1st No 1 at $36. Of Tanners' Bark, sales are reported at $18 for Spanish oak.

BEESWAX is scarce, and selling at 45@46c ⅌ lb.

COAL.—There is a good inquiry both for shipment and home use.

COFFEE.—The market continues very inactive at 37@38c for Rio; 413 bags St. Domingo, prize cargo, sold by auction at 35¾@36½c, cash.

COPPER is dull and neglected. Of Yellow Metal the sales are small. Sheets are quoted at 38c ⅌ lb, on time, which is a decline.

FEATHERS continue scarce, and the demand limited at 84½@86c ⅌ lb.

FRUIT.—The sales are mostly confined to Berries, which are arriving and selling freely at full prices. Dried Fruit is dull and neglected.

HAY is scarce, and selling at higher figures, and we quote 100@115c the 100 lbs.

HEMP.—We hear of no sales to alter quotations.

HOPS continue dull, and the demand limited at 17@38c ⅌ lb.

IRON.—There is no new feature in this staple, and a small business only to note in Pig Metal, at $30@35 for the three numbers of Anthracite. 000 tons good No 1 sold for future delivery on terms kept private. Of Manufactured Iron the demand is chiefly for rails.

LEAD.—There is very little here in first hands, and the market is dull and drooping.

LUMBER is arriving and selling slowly at $21@23½ for Wafte Pine Boards, $20@22 for Yellow Sap do, and $18@21 for White Pine Shingles.

MOLASSES is dull and the sales are mostly in a small way at about previous rates.

PLASTER.—There is not much arriving, and the demand is good at $4 ⅌ ton.

RICE.—There is very little offering, and the market is inactive at 8@8¼c ⅌ lb.

SEEDS are quiet, with light offerings, and sales of Clover-seed at $5.50@5.75 ⅌ bu. Timothy is firm, and more inquired for at $3.25@3.50 ⅌ bu. Of Flaxseed the sales are limited at $2.40@2.50 ⅌ bu, and with little on none here.

SPIRITS.—Brandy and Gin are very quiet, and prices nominally unchanged. New England Rum sells as wanted at 65@67c. Whiskey continues scarce, and the sales limited at 47@47½c for bbls, and 45½@46c for drudge.

SUGARS.—The market is dull, and prices are steady, with sales of 350 hhds at 10¼@11c for Cuba, and 11¼@12¼c for Porto Rico; 50 hhds New Orleans at 11¼@12½c.

TALLOW is dull and prices nearly nominal at 10½@11c ⅌ lb.

TOBACCO.—There is no new feature in the market, and very little selling.

WOOL.—The new clip comes in slowly, and the inquiry for it is limited at 75@80c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1640 head. The prices realized were from 6 to 11½ cts ⅌ lb. 100 Cows brought from $30 to 55 ⅌ head. 6000 Sheep were sold at 5@5½c ⅌ lb. 720 Hogs brought from $6,50 to $7,25 ⅌ cwt net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER, 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
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JOHN BAIL, Smoke Hall, Pittsburg.
GEO. S. LEWIS, 56 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 60 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN W. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
McKALLEY & COX, Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES H. GRAYFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.
Postmasters and Periodical Dealers throughout the United States would do well to call.

☞ There is among the loyal states no large state or aggregate of the smaller states, which has made greater contributions of troops or suffered more in the war, than Pennsylvania. Up to the beginning of this year she had furnished over two hundred thousand men, not including the fifty thousand under the call of 1862. Her dead on the fields of Gettysburg thirty-seven thousand Pennsylvanians had laid down their lives for their country.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A PILE CONVENTION.

Let every man and woman in the world who suffers with Piles submit and learn how the origin of their difficulties, and it will be found that ninety-nine out of every hundred have taken large quantities of drastic pills for the cure of Costiveness, Indigestion, Constipation, &c. Those who suffer from Piles may truly charge the cause of their suffering to these worthless pills. If you would be rid of your piles take Dr. Rodway's Pills; they are the only purgatives that can be taken in successive doses with safety; they cure Costiveness, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Piles, Fevers of all kinds; they purge thoroughly, but occasion no weakness, irritation, or straining.

"Sold by Druggists."

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Geo. W. Snively, Mr. SAMUEL B. HERRMANSDORFER, to Miss ANNIE M. daughter of Saml. Young, Esq. both of this city.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. W. M. Rice, Mr. WILLIAM H. MILLIKEN, to Miss ISABELLA STOREY, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. J. Flannery, S. S. MARTIN, M. D. of Lebanon, Pa. to Miss JOSEPHINE MARTINDALE, of Camden, Del.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. JAMES F. LANGTON, to Miss MATILDA A. SHARP, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. GEORGE W. WILLSAY, U. S. Vols. to Miss LOUY DUNN, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN H. L. TURNER, to Miss EMMA L. TURNER, both of this city.

On the 12th of July, 1865, by J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. GEORGE SEXTON, to Miss JANE POLLOCK, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th instant, MRS. ELIZABETH HOBSON, aged 69 years.

On the 14th instant, WILLIAM ROSS, aged 35 years.

On the 13th instant, Mr. JOHN GLENN, in his 49th year.

On the 12th instant, JACOB RUMEL, in his 71st year.

On the 13th instant, STANFORD MATHEW, in his 84th year.

On the 13th instant, DAVID GLEN, in his 49d year.

On the 13th instant, GEORGE W. HURST, in his 16th year.

On the 10th instant, MARY A. GARDNER, wife of Danl. W. Gardner.

On the 11th instant, ELI CAMERON, in his 61st year.

On the 11th instant, GEORGE W. CARR, in his 28th year.

On the 10th instant, GEORGE R. MASON, in his 60th year.

DR. TOBIAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT.—An instantaneous remedy for chronic rheumatism, headache, toothache, croup, colic, quinsey, sore throat, and pains in any part of the body. Try a bottle and be convinced. Remember this article is a success, not an experiment—for 14 years it has been tested. Every one who uses it recommends it. No medicine ever had such a reputation as this; silently it has worked its way before the public, and all are loud in its praise. "Chronic rheumatism." Thousands who laid for weeks on a bed of agony, and never walked without the aid of crutches, with this complaint can testify to the magical effects of this liniment. They are cured and proclaim its virtues throughout the land. Remember relief is certain, and a positive cure is sure to follow. Headache of all kinds we warrant to cure. Putrid sore throat, quinsey and diptheria are robbed of their terrors by a timely use of the Venetian Liniment. It has saved hundreds the past three months.

Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

jy25-sow2t

SPECIAL NOTICE.

CHLOASMA, OR MOTH PATCHES AND FRECKLES.

Blemishes on the face, called Moth, are very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, as the discolored spots on the skin show more strongly on blondes than on brunettes, but they contribute greatly in marring the beauty on either; anything that will remove moth patches without injuring the skin in texture or color, would no doubt be considered a great achievement in medical science. Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond Street, New York, having devoted his whole time and attention to Diseases of the Skin, will guaranty to remove Moth Patches, Freckles and other discolorations from the face without injury to either texture or color of the skin. His success in this, as in other branches of his specialty—DISEASES OF THE SCALP and LOSS OF HAIR—will warrant him in guaranteing a CURE IN EVERY CASE. For particulars address, enclosing stamp,

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PROPRIETOR OF
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The Surgeon-Artist has had many years experience, both in the Hospitals and in private practice, in the treatment of Surgical Diseases, and in the performance of Surgical Operations, and has invented many new and valuable Surgical Instruments, which are used by the Profession throughout the country. He has also made many improvements in the Mechanical Appliances for the relief of Deformities, and in the treatment of Fractures and Dislocations. He has published a work on "Amputations," which contains a description of his own operations, and of his own inventions, and also of his improvements upon the operations of others. This work has been highly commended by the Medical Press, and by the Profession generally, and has been translated into the French and German languages. It is entitled "PALMER ON AMPUTATIONS," and is for sale by booksellers generally. Price $2.

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Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for persons in need of Limbs, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and others interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address

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oct6-1y 1409 Chestnut St., Philada.

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS 20 CENTS each. 5 for $1. Catalogue on receipt of stamp. All different. "Box 38," Bowley, Pa.
jy22-3t

SURGEON-GENERAL HAMMOND,
By ordering Calomel and destructive minerals from the supply tables, has conferred a blessing on our sick soldiers. Let him not stop here. Let him order the discontinuance of "Bleeding," and the use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS in the place thereof. Then will commence a "new era" in the practice of Medicine, which would then become emphatically

THE HEALING ART.

I have for thirty years taught that no diseased action could be cured by mercury or tartar emetic. That the human body could only be "made whole" by "vegetable food"—Animal food being, in fact, condensed vegetables. BRANDRETH'S PILLS should be in every Military Hospital. These Pills cure BILIOUS DIARRHŒA, CHRONIC DIARRHŒA, CHRONIC DYSENTERY, and all Fevers and Affections of the Bowels, sooner and more surely than any medicine in the world. BRANDRETH'S PILLS in these cases should be taken night and morning. Read directions and get new style.

CASE OF ROSCOE K. WATSON.

Dr. B. Brandreth,—New York:

SIR:—I was a private in Co. F, 17th Regiment, New York Vols. While at Harrison's Landing and on the Rappahannock near Falmouth, I and most of the Company were sick with bilious diarrhœa. The Army Surgeon did not cure us, and I was reduced to skin and bone. Among the Company were quite a number of members who had worked in your Laboratory at Sing Sing. They were not sick, because they used Brandreth's Pills. These men prevailed upon me and others to use the Pills, and we were all cured in from two to five days. After this our boys used Brandreth's Pills for the typhus fever, colds, rheumatism, and in no case did they fail to restore health.

Out of gratitude to you for my good health, I send you this letter, which if necessary, the entire company would sign.

I am, respectfully, yours,
ROSCOE K. WATSON, Sing Sing, N. Y.
Principal Office, 294 Canal Street, New York.
jy25-cow2t

FICKARDT'S CATTLE POWDER.

The Merciful Man is Kind to his Beast.

This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in rank of all those *Cattle Powders* which have come under the notice of all the most able and experienced Farmers and Agriculturists in this country for many years; in fact, we say without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the diseases in which it is used, it stands far superior to any other preparation; nor is the beneficial effect confined only to the ANIMAL in a diseased and unhealthy condition, but on the contrary, in the perfect healthy animal, given in proper doses, mixed with its FEED, will improve its Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened tenfold, improving the quality and quantity of Milk from your Cows, keeping all the working parts of your HORSES, CATTLE and HOGS in a proper and natural condition, thereby enabling their Systems to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skin and coats in a perfect healthy state, and through this means your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the prudent and economical Farmer, is more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder.

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WILLIAM RALSTON,
Late of the firm of LAWS & RALSTON,
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WASHINGTON, Oct. 16th, 1862.

WM. RALSTON,—Dear Sir:—Having tried the Cattle Powder, manufactured by you, I consider it a good article for the diseases of Horses, and as good a preparation as there is in the market.

HIRAM WRIGHT,
Assistant Veterany Surgeon for the United States Government.

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STOCKS BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.
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All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.
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DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
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OFFICE 508 BROADWAY, N. Y.

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PRICES:

No. 1 MACHINE, SILVER PLATED, with Full Case, Polished Rosewood,	$100,00
Half Case, Polished Rosewood,	90,00
Half Case, Panaled, Black Walnut,	70,00
Plain Table,	65,00
No. 2 MACHINE, PLAIN, with Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany,	$55,00
Half Case, Panaled,	50,00
Plain Table,	45,00

The HIGHEST PREMIUM has been awarded for the WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES, at the WORLD'S FAIR, now being held in London, England, with all other Sewing Machines in competition.

[The number 3, plain table, (worth $45) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM FOR THE POST—*see Prospectus.* We will arrange for either of the other machines manufactured by Wheeler & Wilson, at a proportionate increase of subscribers and money.

DEACON & PETERSON,
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Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of

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Philadelphia, Pa.
Will especially cure
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Chronic Diarrhœa,
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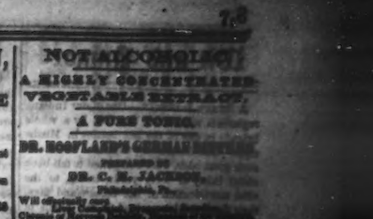
And all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach or Bowels.



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PHYSICIANS,
AND
STATESMEN,

Testifying of their own personal benefit derived from their use. I have space for only a few names, but would refer to

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HON. JOHN SERGEANT, Philadelphia.
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HON. WILLIAM WILKINS, late Minister to Russia.
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HON. JOHN McPHERSON, late Speaker of the House of Representatives, Pa.
HON. JOHN SWIFT, late Attorney General, Cal.
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HON. JOHN M. SCOTT, late Judge of the Supreme Court, Pa.
HON. JOHN BANNAN, late Judge of the Supreme Court, Pa.
HON. JOHN CHAMBERS, late Governor of Kentucky.
HON. JOHN DOWNEY, late Governor of California.
HON. JOHN B. KERR, late Minister to Venezuela.
HON. JOHN REED, late Minister to Brazil.
HON. JOHN POPE, late Governor of Arkansas.
HON. JOHN HUBBARD, late Governor of Maine.
HON. JOHN S. PHELPS, late Governor of Missouri.
HON. JOHN W. DAVIS, late Governor of Indiana.
HON. JOHN A. DIX, late Governor of New York.
HON. JOHN TYLER, late President of the United States.
HON. JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, Washington, D. C.
HON. JOHN MITCHEL, late Member of Congress, New York.
HON. JOHN VAN BUREN, New York.
HON. JOHN MORRISSEY, late Member of Congress, New York.
HON. JOHN KELLY, New York.
HON. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, Mayor of New York.
HON. JOHN McKEON, late District Attorney, New York.
HON. JOHN T. MITCHELL, late Member of Congress, Pa.
HON. JOHN M. BOTTS, late Member of Congress, Va.
HON. JOHN HICKMAN, late Member of Congress, Pa.
HON. JOHN COCHRANE, late Member of Congress, New York.
HON. JOHN CRESWELL, late Member of Congress, Md.
HON. JOHN CESS, late Member of Congress, Pa.
HON. JOHN D. STEVENSON, late Member of Congress, Ga.
HON. JOHN W. FORNEY, Member of Congress, Pa.
HON. JOHN HILL, late Member of Congress, Pa.
HON. JOHN CRAIG, late Member of Congress, Pa.
HON. JOHN CAMPBELL, late Member of Congress, Pa.
HON. JOHN D. WATSON, late Member of Congress, Pa.
HON. JOHN M. WOOD, late Member of Congress, Pa.
HON. JOHN M. GEARY, late Governor of Kansas.
HON. JOHN W. GEARY, late Governor of Pennsylvania.
HON. JOHN W. FORNEY, Secretary of the Senate, U. S.
HON. JOHN W. HAMILTON, late Governor of Dakota.
HON. JOHN W. HOFFMAN, late Governor of Maryland.
HON. JOHN W. HOWARD, late Governor of Nebraska.
HON. JOHN W. HOWARD, late Governor of Nebraska.
HON. JOHN W. HOWARD, late Governor of Nebraska

Wit and Humor.

A BRAVE INDIAN.—One of our Indians registers was fiercely attacked by a whole brigade in one of the late battles in Mississippi. The Redskinian, unable to withstand such great odds, were compelled to fall back about thirty or forty yards, leading, to the utter mortification of the officers and men, their flag, which remained in the hands of the enemy. Suddenly a tall Irishman, a private in the color company, rushed from the ranks across the vacant ground, attacked the squad of rebels who had possession of the conquered flag, with his musket, felled several to the ground, snatched the flag from them, and returned safely back to his regiment. The bold fellow was of course immediately surrounded by his jubilant comrades, and greatly praised for his gallantry. His captain appointed him to a sergeancy on the spot; but the hero cut everything short by the reply: "Oh, never mind, captain!—say no more about it. I dropped my whiskey-flask among the rebels and fetched that back, and I thought I might just as well bring the flag along!"

A FAIR OFFER.—A good story is told of a showman, who carried about an exhibition an enormous bear. In a certain town in Vermont, where Bruin was attracting crowds, dwelt a farmer and his wife, and an interesting and multitudinous family of twenty children. The pater-familias was very desirous of gratifying the commendable curiosity of his offspring; but the price of admission to the show was one shilling, and that multiplied by the number of his olive plants, was too much for his exchequer. He therefore approached the showman, and after some parley, concluded a bargain, by which the latter agreed to drive into the farmer's back yard with Bruin's cage, and give a private exhibition to the entire family for one dollar. This was done, to the great delight of the old folks and the children, when the farmer proffered the compensatory dollar to the obliging showman. "Oh! no!" said the latter, "I can't take anything; it is no more a sight for your family to see my bear, than for my bear to see your family."—*New Bedford Mercury.*

A CANDID URCHIN.—"What did your mother say, my little man? Did you give her my card?" asked an inexperienced young gentleman of a little boy whose mother had given him an invitation to call upon her, and whose street door was accordingly opened to his untimely summons by the urchin.

"Yes, sir," said the urchin, quite innocently, "and mother said, if you were not a natural born fool, you wouldn't come on Monday mornin', a time when everybody was washin'!"

At this juncture mamma, with a sweet smile of welcome, made her appearance at the end of the hall, when, to her surprise, Mr. Verisopht, the visitor, bolted.

"What in the world does the man mean?" inquired the mother.

"I dunno," replied the urchin; "guess he's forgot suthin'."

OLD BUT GOOD.—An infirm old gentleman was found by a rogue moaning sadly for something lost. "What is the matter, sir?" said the fellow. "Oh, sir, a villain has just stole my gold-laced hat from my head, and ran away with it." "Why don't you run after him?" asked the rogue. "Been your heart, sir, I can't run at all; I can hardly walk." "The deuce you can't," said the rogue; "and he stole your hat!" "Yes, he did, sir." "And you can't run!" "Not I." "Nor catch him!" "No." "Then here goes for your wig!" and accordingly, pulling off the thatch from his head, the fellow went off like a shot from a skillet, and the old gentleman was left as bald as a coot.

SANGUINE PAT.—A poor son of the Emerald Isle applied for employment to an avaricious hunk who told him that he should employ no more Irishmen, "for the last one died on my hands, and I was forced to bury him at my own charge."

"Ah, yer honor," said Pat, brightening up, "and is that all? Then you'll give me the place, for shure I can get a certificate that I niver died in the employ of any master I iver served."

GENTLE BUT IMPRESSIVE.—A young man, rather verdant, and very sentimental, while making himself interesting to a young lady, the other evening, by quoting from the poets, to the other choice and rare extracts, he added, "There is no place like home."

"Do you really think so?" said the young lady.

"Oh, yes," was the reply.

"Then," said calico, "why don't you stay there?"

☞ "My turtle dove, I adore you!" said a gay young fellow to his lady-love. "Very well," said she, "but I'm tired of this sort of billing and cooing. If you love me so much, why don't you take me to church and make me your ring-dove?"

☞ "I am astonished, my dear young lady, at your sentiments; you make me quake." "Well, sir, I have been wanting you to quit for the last hour."

HOW CENTENARIANS LIVE.

Galen, one of the most distinguished of the ancient physicians, lived one hundred and forty years, and composed between seven hundred and eight hundred essays on medical and philosophical subjects; and he was always, after the age of twenty-eight, extremely sparing in the quantity of his food. The Cardinal de Salis, Archbishop of Seville, who lived one hundred and ten years, was invariably sparing in his diet. One Lawrence, an Englishman, by temperance and labor, lived one hundred and forty years; and one Kentigern, called St. Mongah, who never tasted spirit or wine, and slept on the ground, and labored hard, died at the age of one hundred and eighty-five. Henry Jenkins, of Yorkshire, who died at the age of one hundred and sixty-nine, was a poor fisherman, so long as he could follow his pursuit, and ultimately he became a beggar, living uniformly on the coarsest and most sparing diet. Old Parre, already famous, who died at the age of one hundred and fifty-three, was a farmer of extremely abstemious habits, his diet being sickly milk, cheese, coarse bread, small-beer, and whey. At the age of one hundred and twenty, he married a second wife, by whom he had a child. But being taken to court by the Earl of Arundel, as a great curiosity, in his one hundred and fifty-second year, he very soon died, as the physician decidedly testified after dissection, in consequence of a change from a parsimonious to a plentiful diet. Henry Francisco, another famous case, lived to about one hundred and forty in this country, and was, except for a certain period, when he became attached to ardent spirit, "remarkably abstemious, eating but little, and abstaining almost entirely from animal food," his favorite articles being tea, bread and butter and baked apples. A Mr. Ephraim Pratt, of Shutesbury, Massachusetts, who died at the age of one hundred and seventeen years, lived very much upon milk, and that in small quantity; and his son, Michael Pratt, attained to the age of one hundred and three years, by similar means. *Great eaters never live long.* A voracious appetite is a sign of disease, or of a strong tendency of disease, and not a sign of health, as is generally supposed. Ill health as infallibly follows the indulgence of such an appetite, as any other effect its legitimate cause.

RE-UNION IN HEAVEN.—How short is the earthly history of a family. A few years, and those who are embraced in the family circle will be scattered. The children, now the objects of the most tender solicitude, will have grown up and gone forth to their respective stations in the world. A few years more and children and parents will have passed from this earthly stage. Their names will be no longer heard in their present dwelling. Their domestic loves and anxieties, happiness and sorrows, will be lost and forgot in history. Every heart in which it was written will be mouldering in the dust.

And is this all? Is this the whole satisfaction which is provided for some of the strongest feelings of our hearts? How can such transitory beings, with whom our connection is so brief, engage all the love we can feel? Why should not our feelings towards them be as feeble and unsatisfactory as they? But blessed be God, this is not all. Of this He has given us perfect assurance in the Gospel of His Son.

Though to the unenlightened nature the ties of domestic love seem scattered into the dust, the spiritual eye of faith perceives that they have been loosened on earth only to be resumed under far happier circumstances in the region of everlasting love and bliss.

Though the history of a family seem to be forgotten when the last member of it is laid in the grave, the memory of it still lives with immortal souls, and when the circle is wholly dissolved on earth, it is again completed in Heaven.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF EUROPE.—The asserted superiority of the continental nobility disappears when it is subjected to the same investigation as the British nobility. However far back a family may go, we must come at last to some plebeian who founded its renown and power; furthermore, Gibbon remarks that it is almost impossible to prove a pedigree by names, arms, and authentic documents much beyond the tenth century of the Christian era. It is said that the Dukes of Lewis, in France, boasted of being descended from the princes of the House of Judah, and that they showed an old painting, on which one of these ancestors stands with up-raised hat before the Virgin, who says to him: "Cover yourself, cousin." The Dukes of Croy have a worthy counterpart to this picture in a representation of the Deluge, where a drowning man is shouting to Noah, who is on the point of entering the ark, "Save the archives of the House of Croy." Nothing, however, surpasses the pedigree of the Valdez in Spain; it begins thus: "First was Valdez I.; his successor was Valdez II.; then came Valdez III.; about this period God created the world." A French bishop, notorious for his vanity, is said to have replied to the serious exhortations of his confessor: "Nonsense, God will never have the courage to condemn a Clermont Tonnerre!"

☞ In an exchange of hats and umbrellas, &c., we generally find that he who makes the first move has the advantage.

CLARA.—"What does Tommy think? Why Tommy has just got a new little brother!"

TOMMY.—"Have I, though? How jolly—there'll be somebody now to wear my old clothes!"

A LOCK OF HAIR.

Only a lock of hair, tied with a silken string.
Carefully kept for years, like a miser's pile of gold:
Little to prize in the keeping of such a simple thing,
But for a darling head long lost in the days of old.

Only a lock of hair. Ah, well, it were better to have
Even one little tress safe from the Spoiler's hand,
Than, with the light of her love down in the darkling grave,
Lonely to wander around a desolate, weary land.

Only a lock of hair. Yet something to look at, and kiss:
Something to keep in mind what never can be again:
Something to tell of days unshadowed by anguish like this:
Something to bring soft thoughts to a saddened and dreary brain.

Birdseye View of the Salmon-Breeding Ponds at *Stormontfield.*

[SEE ENGRAVING ON FIRST PAGE.]

The Stormontfield ponds for the rearing of salmon on the artificial plan now coming into general use across the water, are situated on a beautiful slope of the River Tay, at Colinbaugh, about five miles from Perth.

"The Stormontfield breeding-ponds," says an English writer, "are admirably adapted for the purpose for which they are designed. The supply of water for the boxes and feeding and reception ponds is obtained from the mill-race, which is seen in the background of our birdseye view. The water is carefully filtered through pipes, in order to have it pure and free from reptiles before it is allowed to flow into the boxes. These are filled with nice clean gravel; indeed, it is advisable to boil the stones before they are used, so as to free them from either mineral or animal impurity; and a slight cut at the top of each box allows the water entrance and exit. At the top and bottom of the boxes there is a little canal, which at the top equalises the supply and at the bottom receives the fish immediately on their being hatched. From the bottom canal there is a small runlet to let away the waste water into the river, and another to admit the fish into their growing-pond. There is likewise another runlet, which carries the smelts from this pond into the Tay at the proper season, and at the end next the river a small chamber has been constructed in order to the marking of the fish. All the different runlets are provided with sluices to prevent the escape of the fish and the entrance of enemies of all kinds. A small ditch admits of the water being run off so as to allow the pond to be cleaned. There is also a pipe from the mill-race to the pond, so as to have more water for cleaning purposes when it is required. The total cost of the ponds was under £300, and the cost of spawning the fish and watching the boxes is not over £1 per week, and for these sums so many as three hundred thousand salmon can be nursed into life every two years, and be protected with certainty till they are of an age to look after themselves and seek their own food."

☞ "Abstemious" and "Facetious" are the only two words in the English language in which the five vowels follow each in order.

☞ The newest American wonder is the case of a judge who was so divided in opinion, that he fell in two.

☞ A man with a scolding wife, when inquired of respecting his occupation, said he kept a hot house.

PSALM TUNES.—An English mathematician has made a computation of the number of tunes that can possibly be made from the notes of only one octave. He finds that from the major-scale alone, when used only in one key, 40,320 different tunes may be constructed, without any repetition. Of course the same number can be made from the minor-scale; so that in the natural key alone there can be 80,640 different tunes. Singing six of these each Sabbath in the year, it would take nearly two hundred and sixty years to sing them. Now when we consider that there are twelve major and twelve minor keys, and that the rhythmical combinations are still greater than those arising from the notes, we can see that we cannot begin to know the endless variety yet to come. Go on, then, tune-makers. There is room enough for you all to spread yourselves. Be original, don't imitate one another so much. You can't possibly use up all the ground before the war is over.

Useful Receipts.

CURE FOR POISONING BY IVY.—In case of poisoning by ivy, plunge the part affected in hot water—as hot as can be borne—holding it there some time. The unpleasant itching and burning sensation will be removed—and two or three applications are a sure cure—at least this has been the case with our informant.

PRESERVING SUMMER FRUITS.—Such fruits as strawberries, raspberries, blackberries and the like, may be preserved in the following manner cheaply, and their flavor be retained: Put sugar over the fire, at the rate of half a pound to the pound of berries, add a little water; when hot take fruit in a skimmer and dip it into the sugar, holding it there for half a minute, perhaps; then take it out and spread it on tins. Go through the whole lot in this way; then boil down the sugar to a thick syrup, and pour it over the fruit; set the tins either in the sun or in a hot oven till the berries are dried through in thin gelatinous cakes; when thoroughly dry, put the cakes in a bag and hang it up out of the way. The cakes will keep as long as wanted, and may be fitted for the table in a few minutes by the addition of a little hot water or more sugar, if necessary. The beauty of this method is that the flavor of the fruit is retained, while there is no danger of its spoiling by fermentation. Fruits, when preserved in the usual way, pound for pound, are made too sweet, and lose their distinctive flavor, so much so that that they become like a piece of leather dipped in sugar, and one can hardly see or taste the difference. Besides, without care preserves are apt to ferment and spoil.

EXCELLENT WHITEWASH.—There are many recipes published, but we believe the following to be the best that can be used: White chalk is the best substitute for lime as a whitewash. A very fine and brilliant whitewash preparation of chalk is called "*Paris White.*" This we buy at the paint stores for three cents a pound, retail. For each sixteen pounds of Paris White, we procure half a pound of the white transparent glue, costing twenty-five cents (fifty cents a pound.) The sixteen pounds of Paris White is about as much as a person will use in a day. It is prepared as follows: The glue is covered with cold water at night, and in the morning is carefully heated without scorching, until dissolved. The Paris White is stirred in with hot water enough to give it the proper milky consistency for applying to the walls, and the dissolved glue is then added and thoroughly mixed. It is then applied with a brush like the common lime whitewash. Except on very dark and smoky walls and ceilings, a single coat is sufficient. It is nearly equal in brilliancy to "zinc white," a far more expensive article.

Agricultural.

BEST TEAMS FOR FARM PURPOSES.

At a late meeting of the Greenfield Club, the question for discussion was: "What kind of a team is the most economical for the farmer to use?"

The opinion of those present, according to the Greenfield Gazette, generally seemed to be that if a farmer kept but one team, that an ox team was decidedly the most economical, for the following reasons:

1st. It would not cost near as much at the outset to purchase cattle as horses, nor as much to get yokes and carts as harnesses and wagons.

2d. Young, thrifty cattle would increase in value from twenty-five to fifty dollars per yoke, annually, while horses would remain about the same in value.

3d. Horses are more liable to meet with accidents, and many injuries that would render the horse worthless would prove but a slight damage to the ox, or loss to the owner.

4th. There are many kinds of work in many places that can be performed to better advantage with cattle than horses.

But all were not in favor of cattle. Several gentlemen present preferred a horse team because they could do more work in a given time, with about the same expense for feed.

They also stated that one horse must be kept on every farm, and that it was cheaper to furnish one extra horse and make a team of the two, than to keep an extra yoke of cattle. One man even suggested that mules would be preferable to any other animals for cattle. Nearly all thought that if two teams were necessary on a farm, one must be of horses and the other of cattle.

COWS IN HONDURAS.—A lady correspondent of the Working Farmer, who had been nursing an invalid husband in Honduras, gives the following description of the management of cows in that part of the world:

"We were much disappointed in the quantity of milk given by our cow, but the quality was most excellent. The cows are managed here in a most miserable way, and never domesticated. The calf is tied near the house, and the cow allowed to wander at will, and often it is her will to go quite a way from home. When she returns to her calf, it is untied and allowed to commence sucking; then it is pulled away, tied to the cow's leg and the milking begins. Sometimes a pint, often less, but seldom more, is obtained; and they never milk the cows in Honduras but once a day. Often the cow would take a very unmotherly turn, and leave her calf from one day until the next. Our feelings on such occasions cannot be appreciated except by those who have drank their tea and coffee for months without this luxury, and who have seen those dear to them unable to obtain what, at the North, is almost as abundant as water."

VENTILATING A CELLAR.—In my sitting-room, immediately over the cellar I have a small cast-iron, air-tight, wood-burning stove, with three and a half feet of six-inch pipe connected through a thimble with the chimney flue at about one foot from the stove. I have a T-connection with the stove-pipe with pipe of the same size, passing through the floor and reaching to within a foot of the cellar floor. At the top of this pipe, close to the connection with the stovepipe, there is a valve which regulates the draft of cold air taken from the cellar. The opening in the floor is half an inch larger than the pipe. The vacuum produced in the cellar by the draft in the chimney-flue, draws air down from the chamber through the space around the pipe in the floor. My cellar, which was before damp, is now as dry and pleasant as any room in my house. Formerly articles placed in my cellar soon became moldy, and were spoiled for want of ventilation.—*Scientific American.*

TO SWEETEN BUTTER FIRKINS.—Before packing butter into firkins, put them out of doors in the vicinity of the well, fill them with water, and throw in a few handfuls of salt. Let them stand three or four days, and change the water once during that time. Butter firkins should be made of white oak, and this process effectually takes out the acid contained in that wood, and makes the firkins sweet. If the butter is well made and rightly packed, it will keep good all summer even if the firkins be kept in store above ground. To cleanse old firkins in which butter has been packed and left exposed some time to the air, fill with sour milk, and leave standing twenty-four hours; then wash clean, and scald with brine. This makes them as good as new.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—A wool suit in Ohio was recently decided against a seller who inserted dirty tags in each fleece, and represented the whole as clean washed wool. The buyer sued for the difference in value, fifteen cents per pound, when the seller pleaded that he was not liable, as it was a customary practice, and if not, the buyer should have examined the wool. Several respectable farmers testified that it was not the usage. The judge held that the buyer was not obliged to examine the wool, when the seller gave his word that it was clean, and rendered a decision in favor of the buyer for the claim and interest.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 13, 9, 6, 26, 9, 31, is a town in Connecticut.
My 6, 15, 20, 16, 15, 28, 15, 27, are almost as plenty in the North as they are South.
My 1, 21, 19, 26, 31, cannot be dissolved.
My 6, 6, 6, we must all do.
My 26, 22, 17, 12, is usually applied to young ladies.
My 24, 9, 6, 22, 14, 11, 7, are used in every family.
My 22, 26, 16, is a verb.
My whole is one of the noblest institutions of the land. MAUD GRAHAM.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 2, 11, 16, is a numeral.
My 4, 16, 9, 26, is the rainbow.
My 5, 15, is a boy's nickname.
My 7, 19, 10, 1, is a boy's nickname.
My 8, 23, is an interjection.
My 13, 21, 3, 14, 6, is a numeral.
My 18, 17, 23, is an adjective.
My whole is a popular maxim of wisdom.
JOSEPH S. ROSS, JR.
Richmond Place, Cincinnati.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st serves in forming of tin, but holds no part in pan.
My 2d though seen plainly in wheat, is found not in bran.
My 3d never wanting in speech, is distant from talk.
My 4th sharing over in stop, is lacking in walk.
My 5th while no part of the whole, is a element to all.
My 6th a light portion of great, yet knows nothing of small.
My 7th held over in use, seems no partner in toil.
My 8th while in warmth the warmest, is unknown to boil.
My 9th included in darkness, is absent from night.
My 10th though a share of each day, has no being in light.
My 11th true in forming of why, has in reason no part.
My 12th an aid in beginning, is not helpful to start.
My 13th genuine in believing, in faith destitute.
My 14th ever useful in pleasing, is disposed not to suit.
My 15th constant in affection, is a stranger to love.
My 16th conspicuous in height, is remote from above.
My 17th withheld not from raining, is unknown to shower.
My 18th has, tho' faultless in might, not the least claim to power.
My 19th deluged ever in praise, shares not liberally of fame.
My 20th although wrapped in dishonor, knows nothing of shame.
My 21st while true in supplication, is wrought in prayer.
My 22d shareth ever in caution, but never of care.
My whole is a blessing, rich, graceful and true,
Partakers of which may we be our lives through.
River Place, Ill. R. P. ROSS.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Four posts, A, B, C and D are standing upright on a level plane, at an equal distance of 16 feet apart, forming a square. Their respective heights are, A 10 feet, B 8 feet, C 6 feet, and D 8 feet. A pole being laid upon the two posts A and D; also, one upon B and C, and a third pole being laid across the first and second, forming right angles with them at a distance of 4 feet from the posts C and D. It is required to find the weight borne by each post, if an object of 1,000 pounds be placed on a point upon the third pole, in a right line with A and C!
RUBREN BARTO.
Fredericksburg, Lebanon Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

DIOPHANTINE PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find four positive integral numbers whose sum shall be a cube, and the sum of any three of them a square?
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How many hills of corn 3 feet apart can be planted in a field containing just 1 acre?
SUBSCRIBER.
☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Is there anything in the world that can beat a good wife? Ans.—Yes, a bad husband.

☞ "What makes a fish that's not spelling like one that is?" asked X the other day. Ans.—"Taint," mildly contradicted Y.

☞ *A Carte-de-Visite Conundrum.*—Why is a photographic album like the drainer on a bar counter? Ans.—Because it is often a receptacle for empty mugs.

☞ At what season did Eve eat the apple? Ans.—Early in the fall.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—"The darkest hour is just before the dawn." ENIGMA—Seed time and harvest. DOUBLE REBUS—Abram Lincoln—"Honest old Abe"—Abraham, Borneo, Raritan, Arbeto, Mass, Light, Indigo, Narwhal, Concord, Opess, Lamb, Nashville.) CHARADE—Dictionary. (Dick-shun-ery.)